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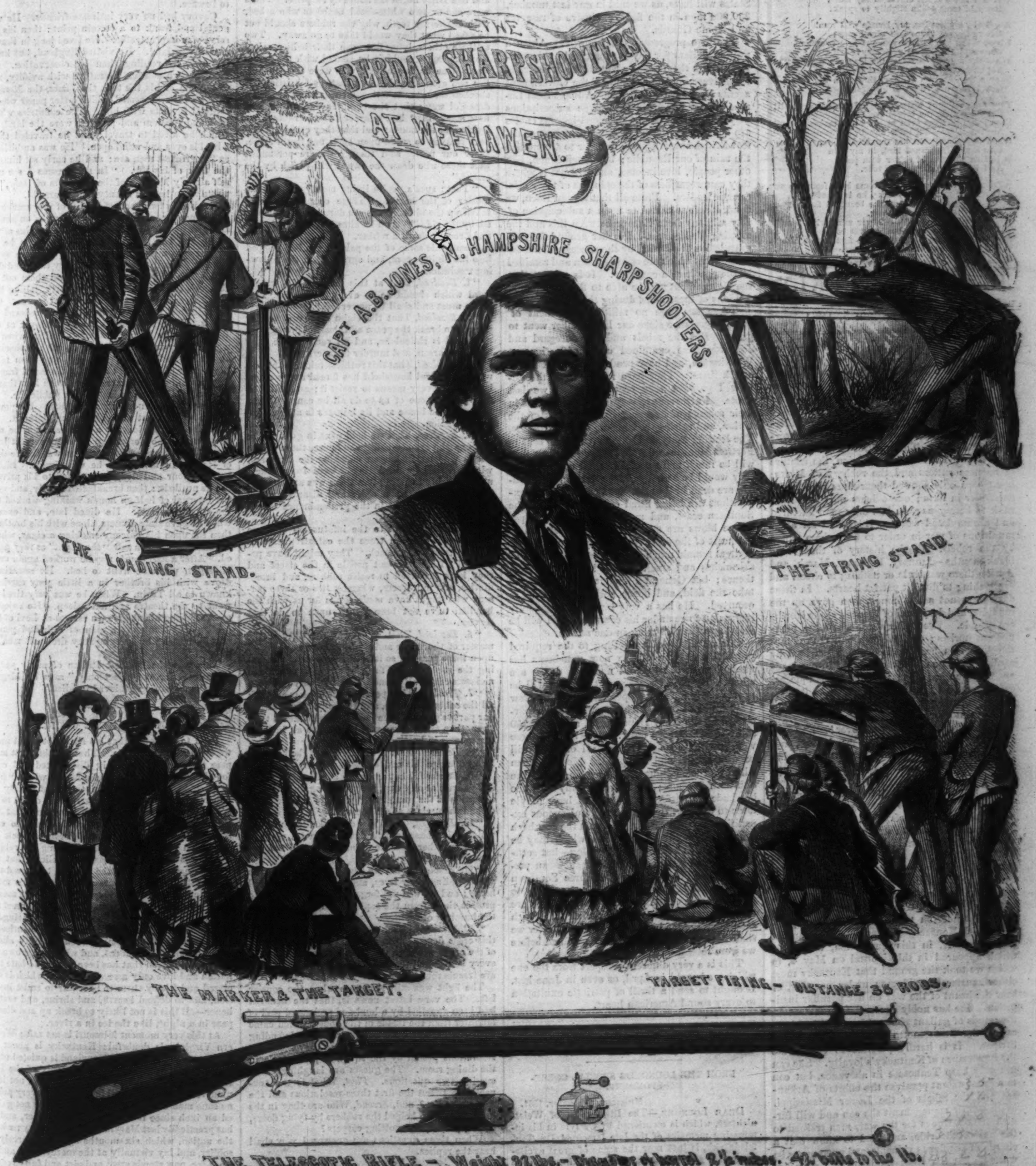


THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SHARP-SHOOTERS.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

THE LAST SUMMER BOARDER.

THE very last boarder—alone I am left,
And I'm thinking 'tis certainly queer,
When Harry, and Jack, and their sisters have gone,
That I should be lingering here:
Not breathing a sigh when Lizzie Montague
In the old yellow stage rode away,
When golden-haired Fanny went home long ago,
And Mary a fortnight to-day.

The big maple-tree, like a great auctioneer,
Hangs out to the wind its red flag,
"Going, just going!" the crimson tints say,
And yet—here beneath it I lag.
That dear little mother of mine, I am sure,
Is astonished to find I don't come;
And "the governor's" grumbling I fancy I hear,
"Well, well, it is time Hal was home."

Yes, yes, I must go; and yet, Susie Grey,
I wonder if she would be sorry a bit?
Ah, there she is now, sitting over the way,
With some wonderful fabric to knit.
I've a half mind to ask her, the little coquette,
But I know she would tease and say "No;"
Nay, if I should tell her I go away soon,
She would only say "When do you go?"

Now what does it mean, this pain at my heart?
Stay!—who is that chap over there,
With a strap on his shoulder, a sword at his side?—
Why, the rascal leans over her chair,
And she doesn't mind when his horrid mustache
Just touches her round rosy cheek:
Oh! if I but had his cravat in my hand,
It would trouble him slightly to speak!

Ah, Susie, my darling, my bonnie wild rose!
I have learned it too late why I stay;
I have found you to love you, yet love evermore,
Oh, would I had gone yesterday!
When the memory sweet of the long summer dream
Yet enshrined you its life and its charm—
They move from the window, they open the door—
How loving she clings to his arm!

They are coming, I know, though I don't look at all;
But I'll not let the bright cruel elf
Even guess how the grief at my heart makes it throb,
Nor the soldier—I'll tutor myself.
A soft little hand that has trembled before,
Like a wee frightened bird, in my own
Is laid on my arm—I shiver with pain
As I list for the tremulous tone.

"Friend Harry, my brother's come back from the war,
Aren't you glad, for my sake, he is here?"
And swift glancing down on the beautiful face,
I saw on its brightness a tear.
"Why, Susie, I thought"— Never mind what I said,
Colonel Grey soon my brother will be;
And the last boarder sealed with a first lover's kiss
The adieu 'neath the old maple-tree.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WEEK.

WHEN the rebellion first broke out, each week, and often each day, brought to the household of every honest man its budget of disappointment and sickening despair. We failed, so it seemed, in every thing we undertook, and the rebels succeeded in every enterprise of treason. The seizures of arsenals and forts followed, in swift succession, the capture of revenue cutters and the robbery of Mints; our troops only showed themselves in order to surrender in form; our officers only won high rank to betray us; we had only manufactured and accumulated cannon, rifles, and all other munitions of war in order to have them stolen by the rebels. In the history of those long black months—January, February, March, and April—there was little or nothing to cheer, and every thing to dispirit patriot hearts. In those dark days not a few honest men gave up the republic, and despaired of the soul of the Northern people. Even afterward, when the magnificent uprising of the North had proved that the American heart had not been petrified by sordid avocations, the want of skill in our leaders, and the unsoundness of men in high places, caused many a faint heart to revert to its previous despondency, and many a craven to sigh for peace at any price of dishonor or injury.

Thank God, those days are over! Day succeeds day, and week succeeds week now, and we all feel that the cause of the nation is gaining, not losing ground. Each week brings to the reader of the weekly newspaper its budget, not of hopeless defeats and surrenders, but of victories and accessions of strength. Each week accumulates fresh proofs of the soundness of the American heart, of the strength of the Government, and of the gradual progress of the good cause.

Since our last paper went to press Kentucky has squarely taken her ground. She has compelled the traitor Magoffin to demand the withdrawal of the rebel troops, and has called upon General Anderson to defend the soil of Kentucky with Kentucky Volunteers. We can not help recalling, in this connection, an article which appeared in this journal on May 4, in which we took the ground that Kentucky must either muster her riflemen under our flag, or bear the brunt of the war on her peculiar institution. She has nobly chosen. In a few weeks thousands of gallant Kentuckians will be vindicating the State motto under the Stars and Stripes. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of Kentucky's loyalty. She can not only keep Tennessee in abeyance, but can to a great extent paralyze the efforts of Arkansas and the rebels of the Lower Mississippi. With proper management she can and will furnish 50,000 troops for the war, men trained to the use of the rifle, and bred to know that a charge of powder is valuable, and must never be wasted. At the right time she will pour her volunteers into Eastern Tennessee, and arouse to active life the latent Union sentiment in that region, as well as in the mountain section of Georgia and Alabama. Not the least important movement of the fall campaign will be that which takes its departure from Eastern Kentucky.

Since our last paper went to press, recruiting has received so vast a development that the apprehensions once entertained of the necessity of resorting to drafting under the Militia Act may now be dismissed. New York will furnish the 25,000 men required for the new levy in due season. Five or six thousand of them have already gone forward, and Governor Morgan is consolidating the various skeleton regiments in a practical, common-sense manner, so that every man who is willing to fight will have an opportunity of doing so. By the middle of October, New York, Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio will have fully 175,000, if not 200,000 men in the field. Pennsylvania is doing her full share, and glorious Massachusetts—the home of all that is truly noble in our American spirit—is doing better than any other State. By the time the fall campaign commences, the United States will have, as we said in our last number, 350,000 men in the field, exclusive of reserves and Home Guards.

The loan progresses satisfactorily. About a million dollars per day is subscribed by the people, though the Treasury Notes are not yet ready for delivery, and only one half the Government agents have been appointed. Advices from Europe render it certain that large subscriptions may be expected from thence. Vigorous efforts are being made by the British aristocracy to defeat British subscriptions, in order to accomplish the ruin of our Republic; but Englishmen, like other people, love income, and will get it where they can, regardless of the opinions of their aristocratic leaders. From all that we can learn, we think it safe to calculate upon a subscription of fifty millions from Europe between this and the meeting of Congress. Further ground for congratulation is afforded by the success of the demand notes which are eagerly taken and retained by the people as a currency. It is evident that the Government will be able to float a hundred millions of these notes during the war.

There has been no military movement of great importance since our last number went to press. But the rebels under Beauregard and Johnston have examined our fortifications at Washington, and have prudently decided not to attack them. They have retired from the advanced position they occupied when we last wrote. Furthermore, they have been foiled in their scheme of hocusing Maryland out of the Union, and raising the Plug-uglies of Baltimore. The leading Maryland traitors have been sent to Fortress Monroe and Fort Lafayette, where they will be much more useful to their country than they would be at home, and secession and treason are dead in that State. Powerful naval expeditions are being fitted out for service on the Southern coast, and many days will not elapse before blows are struck which will resound to the heart of the rebel confederacy. In the West matters remain much as they were. A series of skirmishes and small battles is reported from thence; but General Frémont is not ready to take the field, and hence nothing decisive has occurred. He has a very large and constantly increasing force under his command, and will be able to perform his work in due season.

Our naval force is swelling to the required proportions. One of the new gun-boats has made her trial trip, and nearly a dozen are afloat. By 15th October most of them will be nearly ready for active operations, and by New Year we shall have, including the vessels purchased by the Navy Department, a fleet of 250 sail on the Southern coast. The bulk of these vessels will be steamers, and all of them will be well armed and equipped. Most of them will be of such light draft as to enter all the Southern harbors; so that not only will the blockade be perfect, but we shall have ample force to conduct two or three simultaneous expeditions against various points on the Southern coast, or to bombard any forts which may be deemed worth reduction. Nothing—but scruples on the part of our Government—can prevent the occupation of two or three Southern ports by 1st February, and their reopening to the commerce of the world. Our armories are turning out ordnance and arms of all kinds with such rapidity that by the beginning of winter we shall have twice as many arms as we had before we were robbed by the rebels.

This is a very different prospect from the one which we beheld in April, or even in June last. It ought to send a thrill of patriotic exultation to every sound American heart.

THE LOUNGER.

FROM THE LOUNGER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

MIDNIGHT, *September*, 1861.

DEAR LOUNGER,—The little town of Weissnichtwo, which is mentioned by Carlyle in his interesting memoirs of the late lamented Dr. Teufelsdröckh, is just now the scene of great excitement. It seems that the chief boarding-house in the place was attacked at an early hour to-night by a party of desperate burglars. When the alarm was given the guests hurried to defend the premises, and naturally turned to whatever weapon might be at hand to help themselves. Strange and suspicious to relate, however, they found their doors tied upon the outside; when they burst them open they discovered that the tongs and shovels and brushes, which might have done service upon the instant, were removed; that the chairs, when they seized them to hurl at the enemy, fell to pieces; that there were cords stretched across the passages, so that they tripped; and holes cut in the stair carpets, so that they stumbled and fell headlong. The confusion may be imagined. The indignation was intense, and the determination to square accounts with the midnight marauders rose to enthusiasm.

These gentry, meanwhile, were battering away at the doors and windows with hideous yells and execrations, trying to fire the building, and shooting any person they saw. It was clearly a question of life or death. If they pushed in it was evident that the house would be sacked and destroyed, and its defenders murdered. Of course, to save their lives, their families, their property, there must be no delay in taking the most summary measures, because, although the banditti were comparatively few, they had laid their plans well, and had fairly taken the house by surprise. There were one or two white-faced boarders who asked, with chattering teeth, why the robbers should not be asked what they would take to go away. Two or three others, lying flat upon their bellies, asked why the house couldn't be shared with the assassins. One or two others, who were famous bullies and gamblers, declared that, as Christians, it shocked them to see fellow-men fighting in such a dreadful way; that the boarders ought to reflect how sorely they had exasperated the robbers by locking up the house; and that they could not expect Heaven to smile upon such unnatural strife. "For our part," said they, "we are persuaded that those who draw the sword will perish by the sword."

"Fact; sure's you're living men," shouted the master of the house. "These chaps who have taken up the blunderbuss are darned likely to perish by the rifle!" And he aimed from the window and brought down a robber.

Meanwhile some of the pale people had slipped into the dining-room, and agreed upon the following resolutions:

"1. *Resolved*, That at this moment the watchword which should be in every mouth is, 'This house must and shall be preserved.'

"2. *Resolved*, That the claim of any person or persons to break the peace and destroy property at their will is ridiculous, and all sane people hold burglary, arson, and murder to be criminal.

"3. *Resolved*, That this ruthless midnight attack upon a peaceful household has forced every member to use every means to resist it; and it is the duty of each one of us to do all he can, until the safety of the house and its inmates is assured beyond question.

"4. *Resolved*, That we hold next in guilt to the robbers who are attacking the house, those of the guests who insisted upon fastening the doors and windows, thereby alienating thieves from honest men, foolishly insisting that there was an irrepressible conflict between order and disorder, which could only terminate in the predominance of one or the other.

"5. *Resolved*, That to the infatuation of these same people we can trace the catastrophes that have attended this attack. They might have palavered with indifferent people in the street and they have preferred to resist robbers, and incendiaries, and murderers, whereby two or three persons who might have made terms for us with the banditti have not been called upon to do that service.

"6. *Resolved*, That as it was the duty of the master of the house and the guests to have called upon these persons, so it is their duty while resisting the robbers with fire and sword to offer them molasses candy all round if they will only go away.

"7. *Resolved*, That peace ought to be made with all the robbers or none, and that any attempt upon our part to get rid of the bull-dogs with which they strengthen themselves will be fatal to all hope of our success in beating them.

"8. *Resolved*, That it is the duty of the house to let us manage this matter.

"9. *Resolved*, That while we admit the right of self-defense at any cost, we protest against the assumption of the master and guests of this house to defend themselves at all hazards.

"10. *Resolved*, That if we dislike the way in which this house is defended we have a right to say so, whether it disheartens the guests and encourages the enemy or not.

"11. *Resolved*, That we thank the boarders who are defending their lives, and fortunes, and sacred honor; and we will not forget that it is our duty to protect them from the sophistries of sharpers and the humbug of spouters.

"12. *Resolved*, That the hopes of the house in this crisis depend upon us: that our management of the affair would be the most fortunate thing for every body: and that all who do not agree with us are treacherous bats or disloyal buzzards."

The fight was still going on when the courier left. The very latest news is, that the banditti had been appalled by a loud and prolonged peal of laughter from the inside of the house, which came from the gallant band of men who are defending every thing precious to them, when they heard the resolutions passed by the squad of pale people in the dining-room. The guests are laughingly discussing two questions. *First*, What is the connection between the first three resolutions and the rest of the list? and, *Second*, Who are they in the house who have helped the robbers by tying doors, hiding pokers, and cutting carpets?

When these questions are answered you shall hear the replies.

Yours,

DOUBLELDEE.

P.S.—*Later*. They are laughing louder.

CAVOUR.

IN the midst of our own tumult, the death of the statesman who rode the storm of Italy has passed with singularly small comment. We have indeed hardly paused to fling rosemary upon the grave of Mrs. Browning, who was so well known and so deeply loved among us. No man could regenerate Italy so well as Cavour; and no woman could tell the story of Italian regeneration with such passionate eloquence as Mrs. Browning. It is curious that they died so simultaneously; and they will always be remembered together.

The one fact of Cavour's life is famous enough. He united Italy. But the details of his life are not familiar, so that a memoir, lately published in London by Mr. Dicey, can not fail of interest. As a boy, it seems that Cavour never played and never seemed to work. He was but a tolerable scholar, but learned whatever he wished to learn with singular ease, and busied himself with reading papers, political works, and histories. He was evidently so clever that he received his commission at sixteen, and was allowed to enter the army at eighteen, while twenty was the usual age. When he set out upon his travels he was already conspicuous although very young; and Austria, which hates youth and liberty, warned the police of Lombardy to beware.

Cavour had no very intimate friends. He was genial and frank to a certain point: then his reserve was impenetrable. He lived long in France and Switzerland. He visited England, but knew it rather by reading than by observation. He read English political literature with avidity, and to the end of his life took the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Economist*, which latter paper was an especial favorite with him. The countries where he found freedom and progress were the lands in which he loved to travel; and he traveled there with his eyes and mind open. He was ambitious, as the greatest men are; and he early set himself the task of his life. "In my dreams I see myself already Minister of the Kingdom of Italy," he wrote when he was twenty-four years old.

For nearly two years of his life of preparation he lived upon an out-of-the-way property of an aunt's, and managed it so that he doubled the value of the estate and the rental. The only passion he indulged was a love of gambling. He once made gaming debts to the amount of forty thousand dollars. The Marquis his father paid them out of Cavour's future share in the property, telling him that he would pay no more from that source. Cavour did not renounce gambling, but reduced his stakes. He was thought the best player at the Whist Club in Turin; and one evening, when he was Minister to France, he played with Rothschild at a thousand francs points, and rose from table the winner of a hundred and fifty thousand francs. But gambling was rather a taste with him than a passion. His sole passion was for public life.

Cavour was in no sense an idealist. His power was in seeing what was possible and doing it. In his domestic relations, as a rich bachelor, he was no better and no worse than the other earnest Italians of his time whose sole religion was the freedom of Italy. In his habits he was simple. Rising between four and five, he attended to his private affairs until six: then breakfasted lightly, and with the interval of half an hour's walking worked till the Chambers met. He dined late, and except when he gave state dinners, alone with his brother: then sat upon his balcony smoking a cigar, where the citizens of Turin saw "the Count" as they passed. After a half hour's nap he worked again until midnight, when he went to bed. He sometimes drove with his brother in a little pony carriage known to all Turin. When he was very tired he went to the theatre and fell asleep. He enjoyed most strolling about his own estates at Levi or his brother's at Santena; a man of rich and genial nature, whose kindly sympathy drew all men to him.

This was the greatest Italian of many years. "He lived for one object only," says his biographer, "and having achieved it—died."

NOT OUT OF THE WOODS.

IT is to be hoped that we shall not shout until we are out of the woods. That we shall not suppose the rebels are utterly discomfited and confounded because Mr. Franklin Miner, who is "first in position and intellect in the great county of Albemarle," says that Jefferson Davis ought to be spiked up where men can see him: and that we shall not believe the Rebellion is about to collapse because the Richmond *Examiner* expects an opposition party to show itself among the rebels. There was much more reason to believe that we were going to fail when the *Tribune* belabored the Administration. Absolute unanimity is no more possible to rebels than to loyal men. But a movement which has been contemplated and planned for thirty years, which has been secretly preparing for a year and openly organizing for ten months—a conspiracy of men who have been carefully alienated from the Government, and who have grown up with a generation that has been taught to hate the nation and love only a section—a war which is declared and felt by them to be a war to resist invasion, and to defend hearth, and shrine, and sacred honor—all this is not likely to break up and disappear in a night, like the ice in a river.

At this very moment Missouri is not safe; Western Virginia is doubtful; Kentucky is about to fight upon her own soil; Maryland is quieted only by military occupation; and our army of the Potomac is confronted by an army of rebels not less numerous. That we shall beat them at every point no sane man doubts. The conspiracy has not gained an inch since it started last November, and it has practically lost Maryland and Kentucky; while the nation, which six months ago had scarcely a soldier, and lay virtually at the mercy of an audacious foe, now stands erect and girt and fully ready for the fight. That we shall conquer and restore the supremacy of the Government no sane man

doubts. But it is not to be done without a blow, nor will it be accomplished before sunset.

A month ago there were many who were ready to relinquish all for lost, because the Secretary of War called for the troops to hasten to Washington. What has happened within that time to persuade them that the rebellion is a bubble? This rebellion springs out of the perception of sagacious political leaders that the interest of slavery, and with it their power, has forever lost control of the Government of the United States. They have supposed since 1812 and 1820 that it might, that it probably would, lose that control. They resolved when the event came which should convince them that the hour had arrived, to dissolve the Government, peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. They could not do it peaceably, and they are trying force. But they *will* try it, and they will be conquered only by superior force. Let us remember that. Let us not suppose that the red cloud which has rolled up from the South is going to dissolve like a morning vapor. They will resist, perhaps not on the Potomac, but wherever and however they can work most harm to their country. For they are cunning and skillful and desperate. Don't believe any escaping officer from their army who says that they are only afraid of an attack from us. Don't let them inveigle our soldiers into any more masked batteries. Our present loose confidence is only the reaction of the terror of a month ago. If we suffer ourselves to be deceived we deserve to be beaten.

PATRIOTISM BEFORE PARTY.

It is not often that a great, dominant, united political party deliberately renounces its distinctive action, as the Republican party did at Syracuse. Those who have been in the habit of considering it peculiarly prejudiced, and even unpatriotic, can no longer deny that it has taken a more truly noble course than any party in the history of this country. Its Convention clearly perceived, what the Democratic Convention refused to allow, that in a moment of national peril party names and policies and action must be subordinated to the national safety.

It is simply ludicrous to assume, as the Democratic Convention did, that the Democratic party creed and the national existence are of equal importance. The Democratic party, as such, is nothing except the Government be maintained; and to call it peculiarly the party of the Government is sure to provoke observation of the fact that the leading rebels and traitors against the Government were all in the fullest communion with that party. The one Convention made a party name the test of patriotism; the other recognized patriotism in every party. The first Convention said, "If you are a party Democrat, you are a patriot." The second said, "If you are a patriot, your party name is of no account." If the first be right, there is, as the election will show, but a corporal's guard of loyal men in the Empire State. If the second be right, the overwhelming mass of the citizens are patriotic, whatever their party sympathies may be.

The issue is thus simply made up before the people. There are but two tickets to vote for. One of them will get the vote of every strict party man, and of all who secretly think that the rebels are more than half right. The other will take the votes of men of all parties who believe that the Government must be unconditionally maintained against causeless rebellion.

NEW BEDFORD UPON TRUANTS.

The church and the school-house—in other words, the conscience and the brain—are said to be the symbols and the safeguards of our system. If at this moment the pocket is asserting its claim to consideration as the chief element, there is no question that it will be put into its proper place, subordinate to the other two. This, at least, is clear: that without the church and the school-house the counting-house is sadly unstable; and as all trade comes down at last to individual honesty, so all public prosperity is really founded upon private principle and intelligence. Take those away, and prosperity begins to crumble. Establish them in any people, and they will presently prosper.

This was always the New England doctrine. By an old law of Massachusetts Bay no dwelling-house was to be more than a mile from the meeting-house, and one of the earliest provisions of town meetings was always the support of the schoolmaster. The good old tradition survives unimpaired, as the city of New Bedford shows.

That city has lately passed an ordinance which has the honest ring of two hundred years ago. The law requires all children in the city between the ages of five and sixteen, and who have no regular and lawful occupation, to attend some public or private school. All who fail to comply, and all children of the public schools who are habitual truants, shall be fined five dollars for each conviction. Those shall be held to be habitual truants from the public schools who, without sufficient excuse, are absent three or more times in one term. In place of the fine, the Justice may send the truants to the Farm School, where they are to be under the control of the Mayor and Aldermen; who are also to choose, every year, three persons who shall alone be authorized to make the proper complaint, and to carry the sentence into execution. If these truant-officers shall find any pupil of the public schools "loafing" during school hours, without proper excuse, they shall return the truant to the school, if they do not think fit to prosecute, and shall inform the parent or guardian. The Judge of Police is to have jurisdiction of truancy.

This is a simple, direct law. It may save many a boy from becoming a criminal, and the city and State from many an expensive burden. It is a very heavy blow at vagrancy of all kinds, and the best point of it is that it recognizes the duty of every civilized community to do what it can to help its individual members. When, as will surely be the case after this war, the Constitution of the United States is made one of the chief studies in our schools, this ordinance will compel every citizen to know something of the fundamental law; and so far will make it impossible for any man to say what a member of Congress once told the Lounger, that he believed there were at least fifty members of the House who had never read the Constitution.

New England may be prim, but she is patriotic. She may be very moral, but she is very mighty. To continue the alliteration, she may be sour, but she is sagacious. In a country where ignorance is penal, you may look for an unparalleled public and private welfare.

THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION.

M. Knoedler, the successor of Goupil & Company, has issued a large and handsome lithograph with the title "The Defenders of the Union." It represents the leading Generals of the United States Army at a council of war. General Scott sits in the fore-ground, with his hand resting upon a map; M'Clellan is at the end of the table, Frémont at the side of Scott; while Generals Wool, Butler, Dix, Siegel, M'Dowell, Heinzlemann, Commodore Stringham, and others, are sitting and standing around the table. The likenesses are striking, and the execution spirited and elegant. It is much the best portrait-gallery of Generals that has yet come to our notice.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Regular Brigands.—Another *Fra Diavolo*, we are informed by accounts from Naples, has turned actual friar, and founded a new Order of Monks in the interest of Rome, under the name of the Anthropophagites. The convent fare consists chiefly of roast Liberal—the Liberal generally having been roasted alive. The brothers are allowed to indulge in this luxury every day of the week but Friday, when of course they are forbidden to eat animal food.

The *Abend Zeitung* says that, in his recent valedictory address to the readers of the *Daily News*, "the Hon. Ben Wood compares himself to Lazarus. 'Like him,' says Mr. Wood, 'I am not dead but sleeping.' He would have made the comparison much more perfect if he had only protracted it so as to include the remark made on the occasion alluded to by Martha to our Saviour, 'Lord, by this time he stinketh.'"

Utilizing a Nuisance.—Mount Vesuvius is showing signs of an eruption. In eruptive cases, we believe, the doctors "throw in," as they say, a black dose. Cialdini should try a large "exhibition" of Neapolitan priests. Even if they did the mountain no good, the country would be all the better for the injection. We would give a trifle to hear their *De Profundis*.

Unfeline Conduct.—A painful rumor got into circulation the other day at Naples, to the effect that the ex-Queen had committed suicide. The impression was, however, dispelled, and also accounted for, by the more accurate statement (given by one of our contemporaries) that her spirited Majesty had shot a cat that was a favorite with some priests.

Reward for Early Hours.—We say to Young Ladies: "As you prize your beauty, as you value your future prospects, go to bed early. Look at *Cinderella!* Whenever she went to a ball, she was bidden by her good godmamma to leave off precisely at Twelve. And what was her reward? Why, she married a Prince!"

"Joe, why were you out so late last night?" "It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve." "How dare you sit there and tell me that? I was awake when you came in, and it was three o'clock." "Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

Would it be of any advantage to a man desirous of becoming a public speaker to connect himself with a *spoke* factory?

A doctor returned a coat to a tailor because it did not fit him. The tailor, seeing the doctor at the funeral of one of his patients, said, "Ah, doctor, you are a happy man!" "Why so?" asked the doctor. "Because," replied the tailor, "you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands."

An Illigant Time.—"Barney, where have you been?" "To Widow Mullony's ball, and an illigant time we had of it—four fights in fifty minutes, and a knockdown with the watchman, that left but one whole nose in the house, and that belonged to the tea-kettle. Bedad, the likes was never seen since we 'waked Donnelly.'" From these remarks it will be seen that some people's ideas of the "illigant" differ somewhat from others.

Advice Gratis.—It won't do, when in a hurry, to eat soup with a two-pronged fork, or to try and catch fleas with a net.

A merchant writes to a London paper his complaints of female extravagance, and says his three daughters' clothes cost him £300 per annum. He pretends that he wouldn't grumble if his dinner was always dressed as well as his family.

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said, "In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was a golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

"I'm towld they won't take this letther through the post bekase it weighs over half an ounce. What am I to do, honey?" "Why," says Pat, "put another head on it, ye omadhaun." "Bedad!" replies Mike, delighted at his friend's sagacity, "I niver thought o' that. Sure, two heads is betther nor one, anyhow!"

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

To what church or chapel ought ladies to go who look for the "hims?"
A chapel of he's (ease).

Without my first you'd appear very strange;
My second you like to be;
My whole is what many a lady has worn
At a ball, an assembly, or play.
Nose-gay (nosegay).

Why would an owl not be pleased if you were to call him a partridge?
Because it would be making game of him.

What is the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar?
One issues manifestoes, and the other manifests his toes.

Why is *Punch* like the aërial ship?
Because he has not made a trip yet, and never will.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell?
When it is rung for dinner (wrung).

A being with two feet has four feet and three feet, and only one voice; but its feet vary, and when it has most it is weakest.
A man in infancy crawls upon all fours, in manhood stands erect upon two feet, and in old age supports his tottering legs with a staff.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

War has been declared by the Legislature of Kentucky, the Union Home Guards being placed under the charge of Brigadier-General Crittenden, and the troops under General Anderson, who has the supreme control of the State arms and ammunition.

The treasonable telegraphic news reporter of the Southern Associated Press, who has been the medium for the transmission of correspondence from traitors at the North to rebels in the South, has, with ex-Governor Morehead and Reuben T. Murrett, one of the proprietors of the *Courier*—a rebel sheet, the office of which has been forcibly taken possession of, and the paper stopped—been arrested.

The intelligence from Kentucky is of a most cheerful character. The people there are represented as most enthusiastic in favor of the immediate expulsion of all the rebel troops from the State; and no doubt, with the assistance of the Union forces from Indiana and the determination of the Kentuckians themselves, this object will soon be accomplished.

GENERAL ANDERSON'S PROCLAMATION.

The following proclamation has just been issued in Kentucky:

Kentuckians!—Called by the Legislature of this, my native State, I hereby assume command of this department. I come to enforce, not to make laws, and, God willing, to protect your property and your lives. The enemies of the country have dared to invade our soil. Kentucky is in danger. She has vainly striven to keep peace with her neighbors. Our State is now invaded by those who professed to be her friends, but who now seek to conquer her. No true son of Kentucky can longer hesitate as to his duty to his State and country. The invaders must, and, God willing, will be expelled. The leader of the hostile forces who now approaches is, I regret to say, a Kentuckian, making war on Kentucky and Kentuckians. Let all past differences of opinion be overlooked. Every one who now rallies to the support of our Union and our State is a friend. Rally, then, my countrymen, around the flag our fathers loved, and which has shielded us so long! I call you to arms for self-defense, and for the protection of all that is dear to freemen! Let us trust in God, and do our duty as did our fathers. Robert Anderson,
Brigadier-General United States Army.

THE REBEL BUCKNER'S PROCLAMATION.

It is rumored that General Buckner has advanced on Elizabethtown. General Anderson is believed to be advancing to meet him. The Union troops are preparing for any emergency.

The following proclamation has just been received:

To the People of Kentucky.

The Legislature of Kentucky have been faithless to the will of the people. They have endeavored to make your gallant State a fortress, in which, under the guise of neutrality, the armed forces of the United States might secretly prepare to subjugate alike the people of Kentucky and the Southern States. It was not until after three months of covert and open violation of your neutrality with large encampments of Federal troops on your territory, and a recent official declaration of the President of the United States not to regard your neutral position, coupled with a well-prepared scheme to seize an additional point in your territory, which was of such vital importance to the safety and defense of Tennessee, that the troops of the Southern Confederacy, on the invitation of the people of Kentucky, occupied a defensive post in your State. In doing so the commander announced his purpose to evacuate your territory simultaneously with a similar movement on the part of the Federal forces, whenever the Legislature of Kentucky shall undertake to enforce against both belligerents the strict neutrality which they have so often declared. I return among you, citizens of Kentucky, at the head of a force, the advance of which is composed entirely of Kentuckians. We do not come to molest any citizen, whatever may be his political opinion. Unlike the agents of the Northern despotism, who seek to reduce us to the condition of dependent vassals, we believe that the recognition of the civil rights of citizens is the foundation of constitutional liberty; and that the claim of the President of the United States to declare martial law, to suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, and to convert every barrack and prison in the land into a Bastile is nothing but the claim which other tyrants have assumed to subjugate a free people. The Confederate States occupy Bowling Green as a defensive position. I renew the pledges of commanders of other columns of Confederate troops to retire from the territory of Kentucky on the same conditions which will govern their movements. I further give you my own assurance that the force under my command will be used as an aid to the government of Kentucky in carrying out the strict neutrality desired by its people, whenever they undertake to enforce it against the two belligerents alike.

S. B. Buckner, Brigadier-General, C. S. A.
Bowling Green, *Sept.* 18, 1861.

KENTUCKY TO BE CONQUERED BY THE REBELS.

The Memphis *Appeal* thus notifies Kentuckians of the purpose of the rebels regarding the State: "The South needs her territory, and must have it, though at the price of blood or conquest."

INDIANIANS FOR SERVICE IN KENTUCKY.

The Governor of Indiana has gone into Kentucky, by way of Louisville, with guns and ammunition, to aid the Union cause, and has ordered all the troops on the frontier to hold themselves in readiness to follow. It is said that ten thousand additional troops are ready to leave Indiana at twenty-four hours' notice.

THE FALL OF LEXINGTON.

General Price advanced to Lexington, Missouri, with a large body of rebel forces, and on Monday, 16th, called on Acting-General Mulligan to surrender. This latter officer returned a very short but emphatic negative answer; consequently the rebels opened fire, and the battle commenced in earnest, to which the Union troops replied vigorously. Reinforcements for the beleaguered troops were sent out at once from all parts, and it was for some time expected that Mulligan would be able to hold out until they reached him. Intelligence of a reliable character, however, reached Chicago on Saturday that Colonel Mulligan was compelled to surrender to the superior force of the rebel General Price on Friday, who now occupies Lexington. Mulligan was without water, and was therefore reluctantly forced to yield from exhaustion. They had lost 37 killed and 140 wounded, while the loss of the rebels is said to be very heavy.

AFFAIRS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The particulars of the battle at Carnifex Ferry, between General Rosecrans's troops and General Floyd's rebels have reached this city. The campaign in Western Virginia is likely to be far more important than was at first imagined, and the powerful check that General Lee sustained from General Reynolds may have the effect of demoralizing a great portion of the rebel army, as so much was expected from him by officers, men, and civilians.

A FIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

At Blue Mills Landing, on the Mississippi River, on the 17th inst., a desperate fight took place between 500 of the 1st Iowa Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, and about 4000 of the rebels. After an hour's fighting, Colonel Scott retired slowly and in good order. Afterward Colonel Smith's command came to his aid, but night fell before the fighting could be renewed; when morning again came the enemy had retired, and there was no one to strive against. In this engagement Lieutenant Scott lost 5 killed, 84 wounded, 6 missing.

WHAT PROPERTY IS LIABLE TO CONFISCATION.

A circular has been issued by Mr. Seward, explanatory of the Confiscating Acts. It concludes as follows:

"It will be seen, from an inspection of these provisions of the acts of Congress, that no property is confiscated or subjected to forfeiture except such as is in transit or provided for transit, to or from insurrectionary States, or used for the promotion of the insurrection. Real estate, bonds, promissory notes, moneys on deposit, and the like are, therefore, not subject to seizure or confiscation in the absence of evidence of such unlawful use.

"All officers, while vigilant in the prevention of the conveyance of property to or from insurrectionary States, or the use of it for insurrectionary purposes, are expected to be careful in avoiding unnecessary vexation and cost by seizures not warranted by law.

"William H. Seward, Secretary of State."

ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT CAUSED BY TREASON.

A sad accident, said to be the result of treason, occurred near Huron, Indiana, on the night of the 17th inst. A railroad bridge, ten feet high, and having a span of sixty feet, gave way under a train of cars containing troops—a portion of the Ninteenth Illinois Volunteers—precipitating nearly the whole of the cars into the bed of the creek. About fifty poor fellows were killed and about a hundred wounded. It is believed that the bridge had been maliciously weakened, and if so it is time some permanent stop should be put to such diabolical agencies of rebels.

LL.D. RUSSELL NOT TO BE EXPELLED THE COUNTRY.

The following letter from the Secretary of State is in response to a petition for the expulsion of the correspondent of the London *Times* from the country:

"Department of State, Washington, *Sept.* 21, 1861.

"Many intelligent and patriotic citizens have applied to me by memorial, asking the attention of the Government to what they represent as treasonable matter, contained in a letter bearing the date of Washington, August 10, published in the London *Times*, and they express their conviction that the statements made in that communication are untrue, and that it is the design of the writer to bring the credit and fame of this Government into disrepute in foreign countries.

"It has been a habit of the Government of the United States to take no notice of representations, however obnoxious, made by the press of foreign nations, or even injurious utterances made by Ministers or other agents for foreign Powers, in the ordinary transaction of their own affairs. The Government, on the contrary, has hitherto recognized as worthy of its observation only the language and the action of the Executive organs of foreign States.

"For myself, I confess I have not read the publication complained of, and I am quite sure that it has not arrested the attention of any other member of the Administration, engrossed, as we all necessarily are, with urgent public duties and cares. However erroneous the facts or the inferences of the writer may be, they nevertheless stand on his own individual authority, while the whole patriotic Press of our own country is free, and is interested to refute them. The Government of the United States depends not upon the favor or good-will of foreign nations, but upon the just support of the American people. Its credit and its fame seem to me now, more than ever heretofore, safe in their keeping.

"If it be assumed that the obnoxious paper may do harm here, is it not a sufficient reply that probably not fifty copies of the London *Times* ever find their way to our shores? If it be said again that the obnoxious communication has been widely published in the United States, it seems to me a sufficient rejoinder that the censure of a magnanimous Government in that case ought to fall on those of its own citizens who reproduce the libel, rather than on the foreigner who wrote it exclusively for remote publication.

"Finally, interference with the Press, even in the case of an existing insurrection, can be justified only on the ground of public danger. I do not see any such danger in the present case, even if one foreigner does pervert our hospitality to shelter himself in writing injurious publications against us for a foreign Press. A hundred other foreigners as intelligent, as virtuous, and as respectable as he is, are daily enrolling themselves in the Army of the United States, to defend and maintain the Union as the chief hope of humanity in all countries and for all ages. Could there be a better illustration of that great fundamental truth of our system, that error of opinion may safely be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it?

"Wm. H. Seward."

DISSENSIONS AMONG THE REBELS.

The following article appears in the Richmond *Whig* over the initials of "F. M.;" no doubt from the pen of Franklin Miner:

"To Whom it May Concern.—The following private letter to the editor is from an old personal friend, but long separated by party, and one first in position and intellect in the great county of Albemarle. It was obviously not designed for publication, but on that very account it may be the better sign of things unseen, and the better serve to enlighten the Administration respecting the temper of the public mind:

"'Albemarle, *August* 29, 1861.

"'Dear Moseley,—I am utterly disgusted with your men, Jeff Davis and his man Walker, and I want to know if you will publish my speech if I utter it.

"'I have a letter just from Manassas. Our troops there one day last week had nothing for breakfast but salt and potatoes; were sent eight miles at double quick to meet a false alarm, and got neither dinner nor supper when they came back to camp. Now, Moseley, it is evident to me that your government is rotten in the head. Davis ought to be spiked up where men can see him. You have won a great victory and got no fruits from it. You have had charge of the government for six months and have done nothing. No meat, no bread, no powder, no wagons, no any thing but salt and potatoes, and yet you sing out, "The Government has the entire confidence of the whole people." Now, it has not mine, and I want to know whether I can get a fair hearing. The only smart thing I have seen is your proposition to postpone the Presidential election. That is excellent—most excellent. I trust that it may save us. If I were in Congress I would refuse one dollar of appropriations for the war, holy though it is, until Walker was turned out, and somebody put in his place with sense enough to attend to the duties of it. I don't know either Davis or Walker, but I have seen enough to raise suspicions in my mind that neither is the right man in the right place. Why, then, talk about the confidence of the people in the Administration? I don't feel any such confidence myself. I believe I am not singular in my distrust.'"

NEWS FROM THE GULF.

News from the blockading force off Pass à l'Outre represents the Mississippi as hermetically sealed. New Orleans is desolate, and its inhabitants are momentarily fearing an attack and bombardment. The most reliable news from the rebel army represents disease to be prevalent. The National defenses at Fort Pickens were considered impregnable. The Wilson Zouaves were loyal and efficient.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

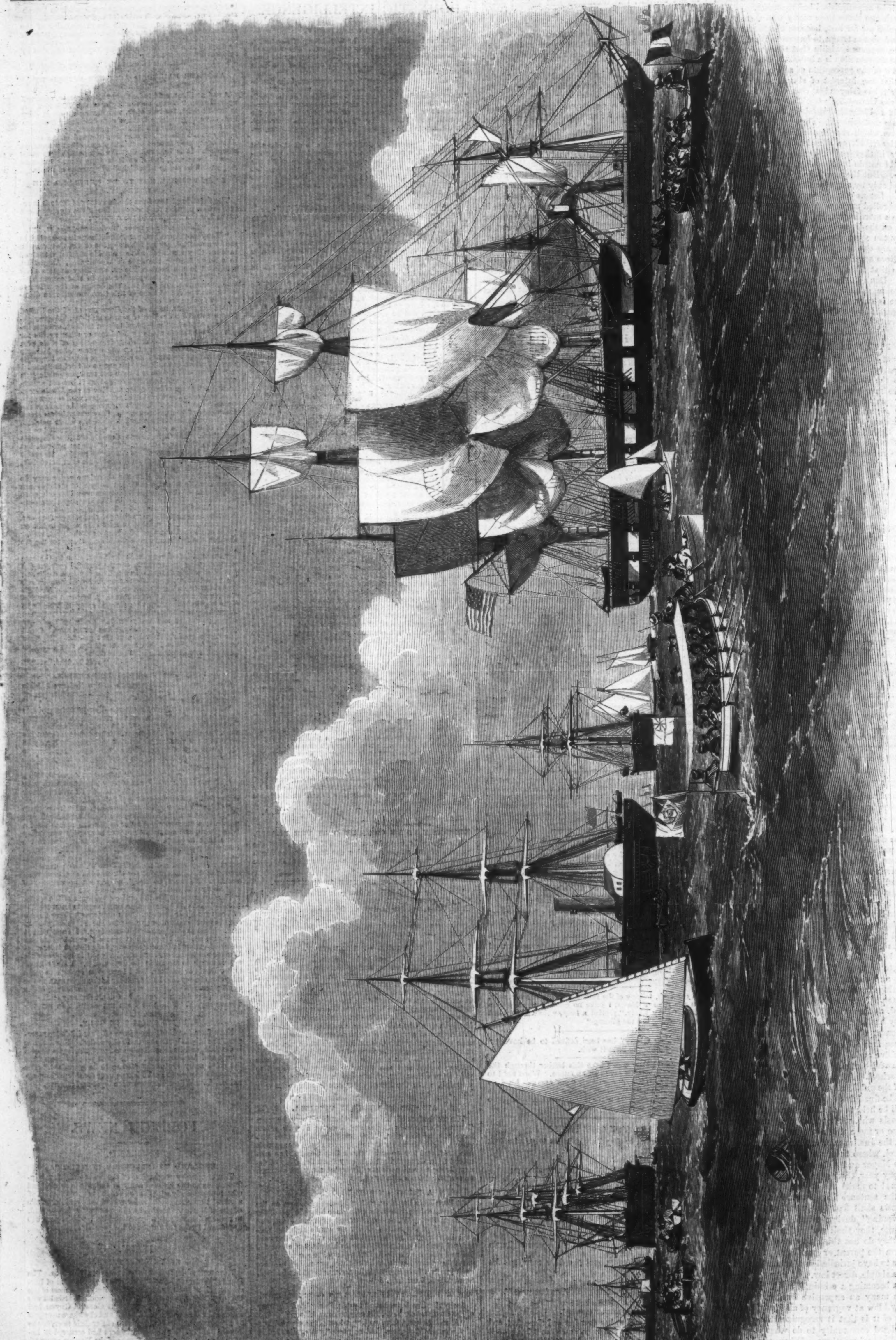
ENGLAND TO INTERFERE IN MEXICO.

The temporary suspension of the order detailing reinforcements to the English army in Canada is announced contemporaneously with the news of the near completion of a grand European coalition for armed intervention in the affairs of Mexico. England and France were, it was said, to make a demonstration by sea and land, while Spain was to forward troops from Cuba to the republic.

ITALY.

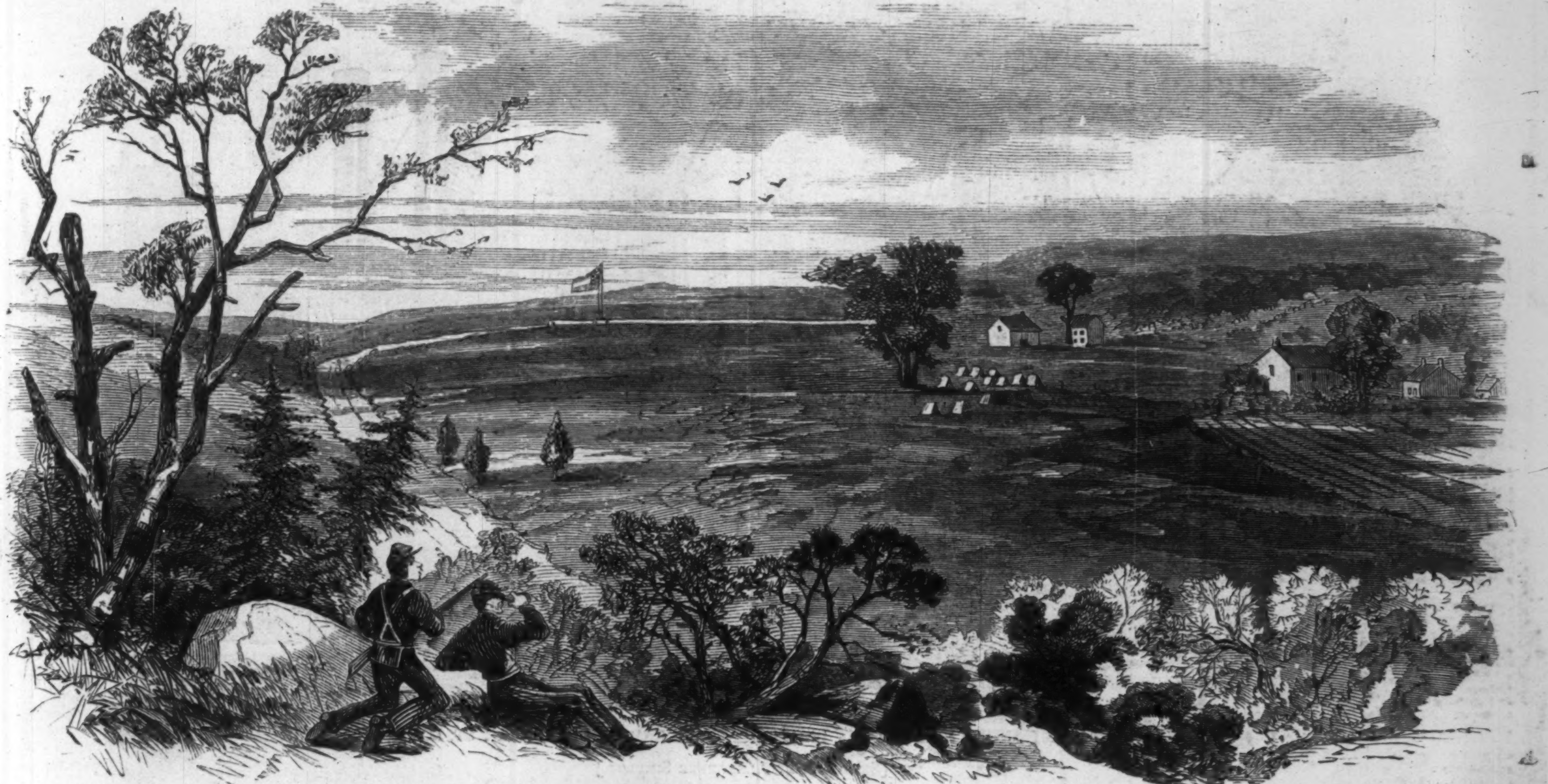
STATE OF AFFAIRS.

The aspect of the Italian question was again serious. The Papal government had flatly denied the statement of Baron Ricasoli as to its evil influence in Italy, and most of the Paris journals supported it in the position. Garibaldi was in Naples with Victor Emanuel, but General Guyon had ordered the French troops in Rome and elsewhere to oppose by force any attempt of the troops of Sardinia to enter the Papal territory. Fresh disturbances had occurred in Poland, and the repressive measures of the Russian army officers were of a very severe character. A meeting of theologians at Palermo had passed resolutions hostile to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope.



Jerome Napoleon (French). Rinaldo (British). Catinat (French). Boberibe (Brazilian). Jamestown (United States). Steady (British).

THE MEN-OF-WAR IN OUR HARBOR.—[See Page 630.]



MUNSON'S HILL, THE ADVANCED POST OF THE REBEL ARMY ON THE POTOMAC.

MUNSON'S HILL AND BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS.

We illustrate on this page Munson's Hill, the advanced outpost of the rebels on the Potomac, and Bailey's Cross Roads, where the nearest Union picket to Munson's Hill is stationed. A correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* thus describes the former:

Munson's Hill is a conical mound rising up abruptly some eighty feet above the surrounding level, and overtopping all its hilly neighbors on the front and rear. A regiment of Virginia troops, from General Longstreet's brigade, occupies this position, and near the top of the hill a circular breast-work, with a dry ditch, has been thrown up for their protection. Unless artillery were employed in the attack their force could hold the post against five times their number. The country in front is too level for the use of mortars with any success, as an attempt to shell the place could be promptly thwarted by bringing up a few light rifled cannon, whose plunging fire would easily command the plain beyond. The enemy does not seem inclined, however, to dispute our possession, and has acquiesced, apparently without a murmur, in our Commander-in-Chief's decision, that they shall keep within their lines, immediately on the river, until we are ready to advance. By the time this reaches you the compliance will be a forced one, for dispositions are now being made to prevent reoccupation by the United States army of the advanced line, which has been selected as the base of our future operations.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus writes of and from Bailey's Cross Roads:

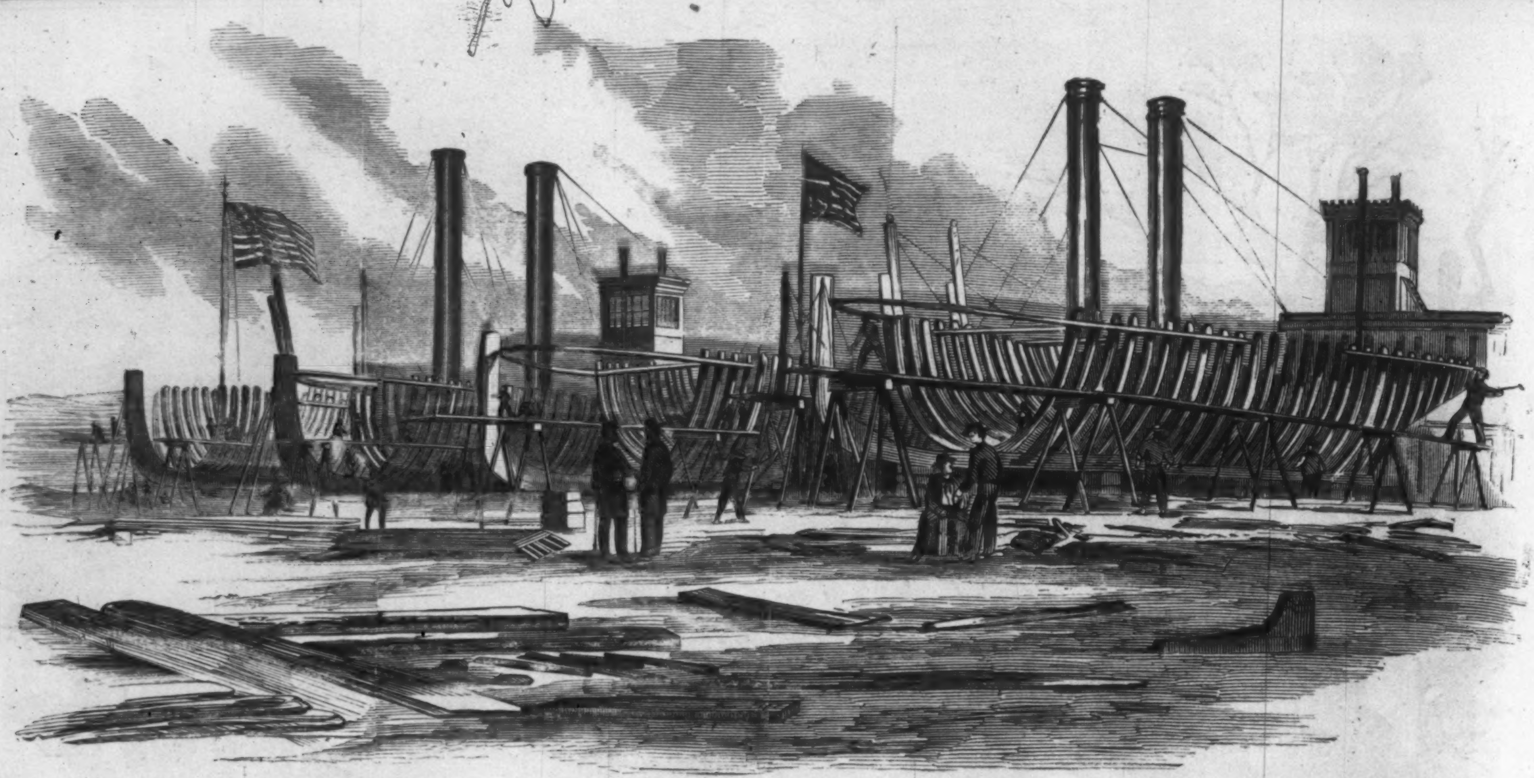
I always find Bailey's Cross Roads the most attractive point of the long line of army outposts, not because of the proximity of that wretched and innocuous bugbear, Munson's Hill, but because of the brisk picket work that is generally carried on there. Our picket guards at this post are really of the first quality. They come from Michigan, and the best compliments I could frame for good spirits and sunshiny courage I would bestow upon them. I do not speak with any claim to military judgment, and, for aught I know, the strict martial sense would criticise more rigorously; but to the unfettered "civil" appreciation, nothing could be better worth enjoying than the handsome, manly, and sometimes droll and eccentric manners and behavior of these Michigan men. Let us look at them from this place. The first point of observation is a deserted blacksmith's shop, well ventilated with windows and rifled cannon-shot holes, the latter inflicted some time ago by the rebels as a warning to Michigan men not to play improper tricks. The Michigan men had erected a furious looking piece of ordnance in the middle of the road, consisting of a stove-pipe and a set of wagon-wheels. The Confederate camp was thrown into consternation, and Bailey's Roads were shelled vigorously until the real nature of the structure was discovered. The blacksmith's house was thus perforated in such a manner as to afford excellent opportunities for observation on every side.

Just over the way, upon the piazza of a little dwelling-house, the Captain in command of the outpost sits serious and thoughtful. That is easy to understand. Of all the little force spread around he is the only really responsible man. His men are not under his eye, are not within call, and a good part of them can only be reached by messengers. The most remote pickets are nearly a quarter of a mile away, and who knows what may any moment happen to them? When the firing gets a little heavier than seems to him necessary, he becomes impatient, and sends out orders for less waste of ammunition. The answer always comes that the rebels fire on us, and we fire only in self-defense, which, if it does not convince, is hardly deniable, under the circumstances. Near the captain sits the surgeon, who is stationed here to attend to any wounded that may be brought in; but the wounded are not numerous, and there is a prevailing conviction that the attention of the surgeon has to be more frequently directed to corn, and its abuses, than to fractures or blood.

For the corn-fields are very rich hereabout, and the men can not possibly resist their seductions. Cookery is practiced with neatness and dispatch in secure retreats. Corn is boiled and roasted in ample quantities. The biggest ears are gracefully eliminated from the pot, and presented in form to the captain, who as gracefully accepts, and munches with dignity. Other ears, smaller, but not less sweet, are bestowed upon subordinate officers. Smoking pailfuls are then taken to the outermost lines, and are welcomed with enthusiasm. The pickets at this station do not suffer for luxuries. "The chickens from the deserted farm-houses," says a lieutenant, "are very aggressive. They attack and bite our men, and our men are bound to resent it." So the odor of hot corn is not the only perfume that sometimes charges the atmosphere at Bailey's Cross Roads.

There is a certain hole in one side of the blacksmith's house which affords a comprehensive view of all the enemy's operations. The work on their defenses appears to have ceased for good, and the rebel soldiers do nothing but saunter and lie about upon the banks, until sent down to *their* picket work. Then they rattle down the hill as bold as you please while beyond range; but at a certain point they become cautious and adapt themselves to the irregularities of the ground. Nothing more is seen of them until they show furtively at the little huts on the boundary of their corn-field—for they, too, have a corn-field as well as we. They are very indistinct at this distance, and look much better at a nearer view.

BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS ADVANCED POST OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY OPPOSITE MUNSON'S HILL.



UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI GUN-BOATS BEING BUILT AT CARONDELET, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

GUN-BOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

WE publish herewith a picture of the GUN-BOATS which are now in course of construction near St. Louis, on the Mississippi, for the Federal Government. A St. Louis correspondent writes:

The work upon the four gun-boats at Carondolet, five miles below the city, is going forward rapidly, and Captain James B. Eads, who has the contract, is displaying great energy. The boats are built of oak, unseasoned, and are called respectively the *Nathaniel Lyon*, *John C. Frémont*, *Simon Cameron*, and—I fear the name of the fourth has escaped me, but if it is not *Jessie Frémont*, it ought to be.

The boats are to be delivered by 5th October. They are to be cased with iron plates 2½ inches thick.

THE REBEL STEAMER "PAGE."

THIS little steamer, of which we give a sketch herewith, was built by THOMAS COLLYER, of this city, about seven years ago. She has been employed in the passenger trade on the Potomac River since she was launched. She is an ordinary river boat. Since the rebellion she has been kept at Aquia Creek. Lately she has been fitted up as a war steamer, mounting two rifled cannon, one forward and the other aft. When the late Captain Ward shelled the batteries at that place he endeavored to sink the *Page*, but was unable to do so. She is a fast vessel, and could be made very useful by the rebels in transporting troops across the river, or in towing flat-boats containing troops from place to place. Her dimensions are as follows: Length, 128 feet; beam, 26 feet; depth of hold, 7 feet. Her draught of water is only about four feet.

THE MEN-OF-WAR IN OUR HARBOR.

ON page 628 we illustrate the men-of-war now (September 17) lying in the harbor of New York.

There are two French steamers—the *Catinat*, a side-wheel steamer, mounting about four guns, and the *Jerome Napoleon*, a screw steamer, of which we gave a portrait and description in a previous number, when she arrived here. Both vessels have turned their leisure in port to good account by painting their sides and trimming up their general appearance. They leave with the Prince Napoleon.

There are also two British steamers—the *Rinaldo*, a very handsome and fast screw steamer, clipper built, and bark rigged—she carries thirteen guns—and the gun-boat *Steady*, a handsome craft, which carries five guns, one of them a 68-pounder. Both of these vessels will have left by the time our picture reaches the public.

The Brazilian vessel is the steam corvette *Beberibe*, which carries seven guns. She, too, looks better now than when she arrived, and is really a very handsome model.

Finally, our own *Jamestown*, Commander Green, completes the group. We gave a picture of one of her exploits in our last number. She is an old ship, and her build is not the latest style; but she is stanch, and her crew are the men to make her name familiar to the public ear.

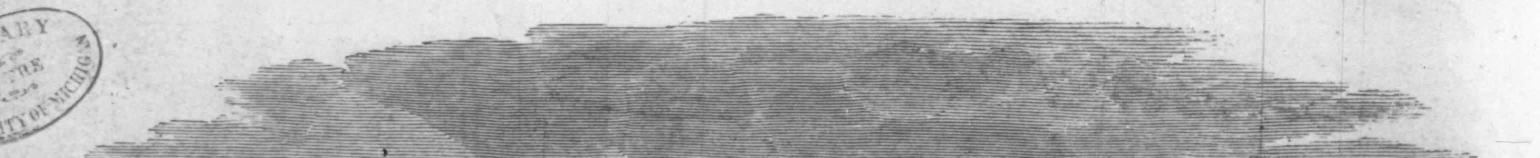
THE FORTIFICATIONS AT BALTIMORE.

WE illustrate on page 631 the fort now being erected on Federal Hill, Baltimore. The battlements are being rapidly completed. When the whole work is finished it will be one of the most impregnable fortifications in the country. Major Brewerton is in charge of the works, and gives employment to a large number of Union cartmen. When they are done, Murray Hill will next be fortified, and then Lafayette Park.

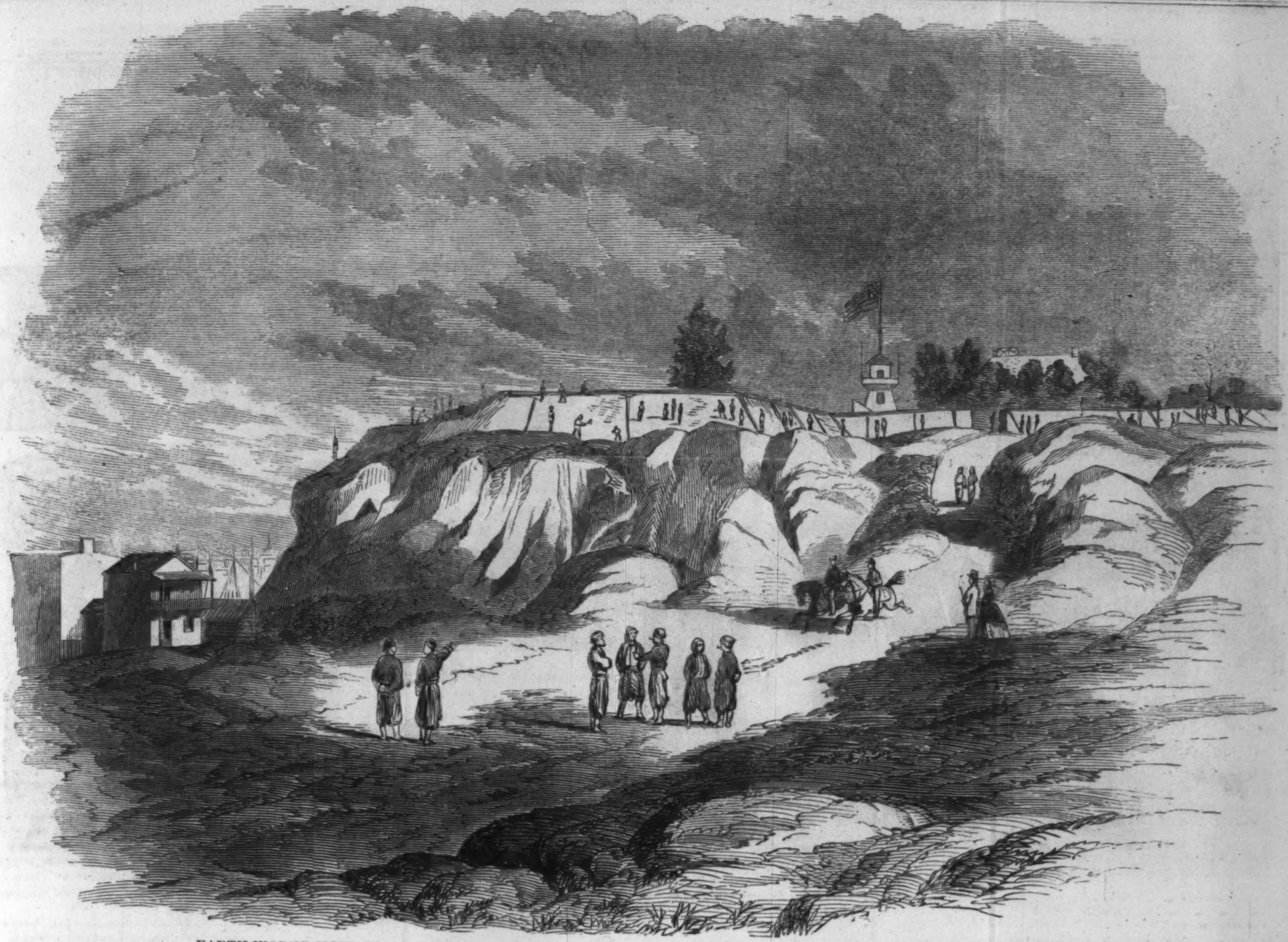
As some foolish stories are afloat with regard to General Dix's treatment of his prisoners, we subjoin the following from the *Tribune* correspondence:

No intercourse is suffered with the State prisoners at Fort M'Henry—not even are their families permitted to see them. The stories set afloat of harshness being used by the police in the capture of the prisoners are utterly untrue, for when required by the commandant of Fort M'Henry to reduce their charges to writing, the complainants declined, saying that, perhaps, after all, their captors behaved with more than usual deference—as was really the case. The trouble was not in the police, but in the fact of the arrest, with these traitorous parties.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

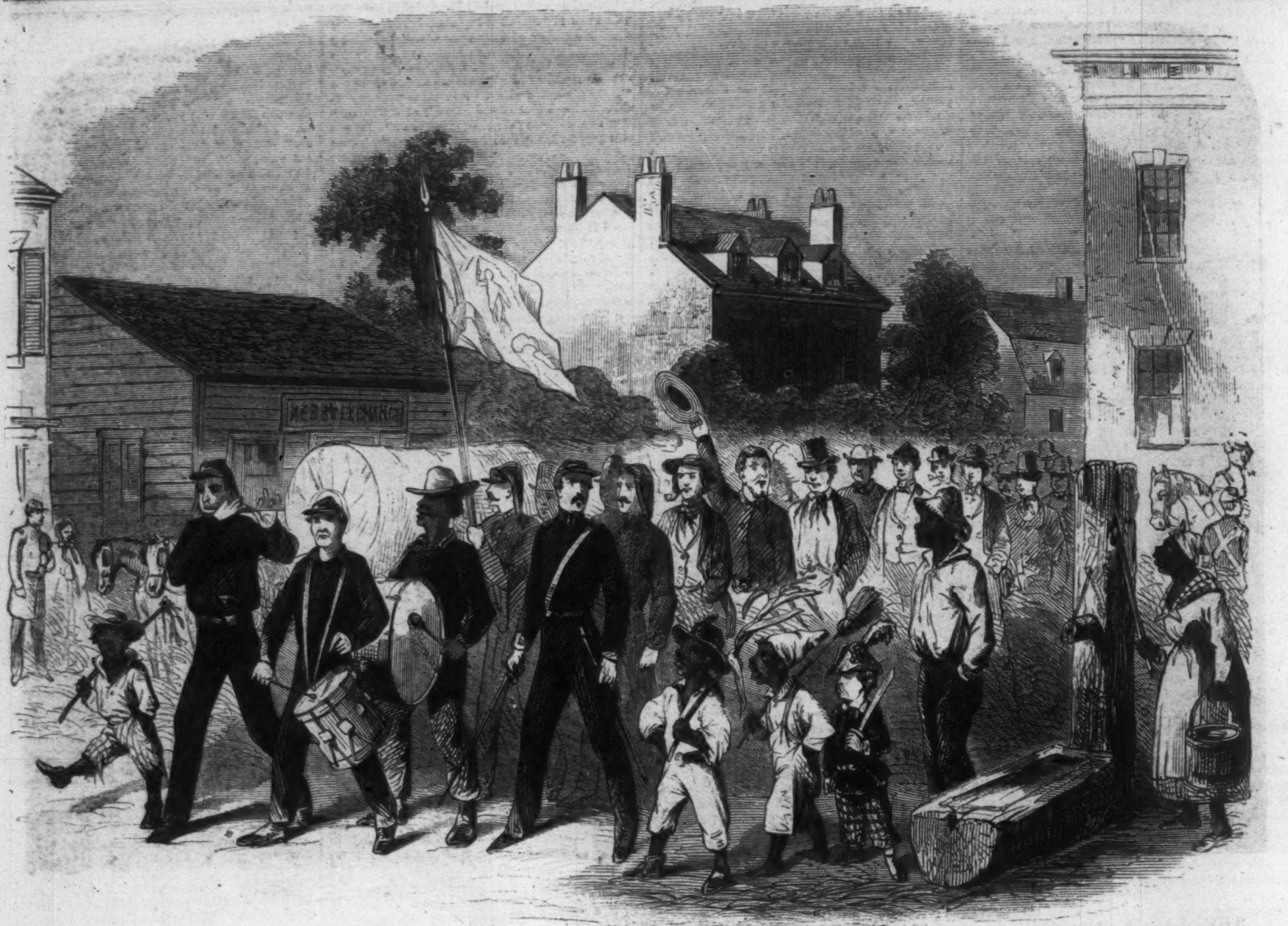


THE REBEL STEAMER "PAGE," NOW LYING AT ACQUIA CREEK.—[SKETCHED BY LIEUTENANT OSBON.]



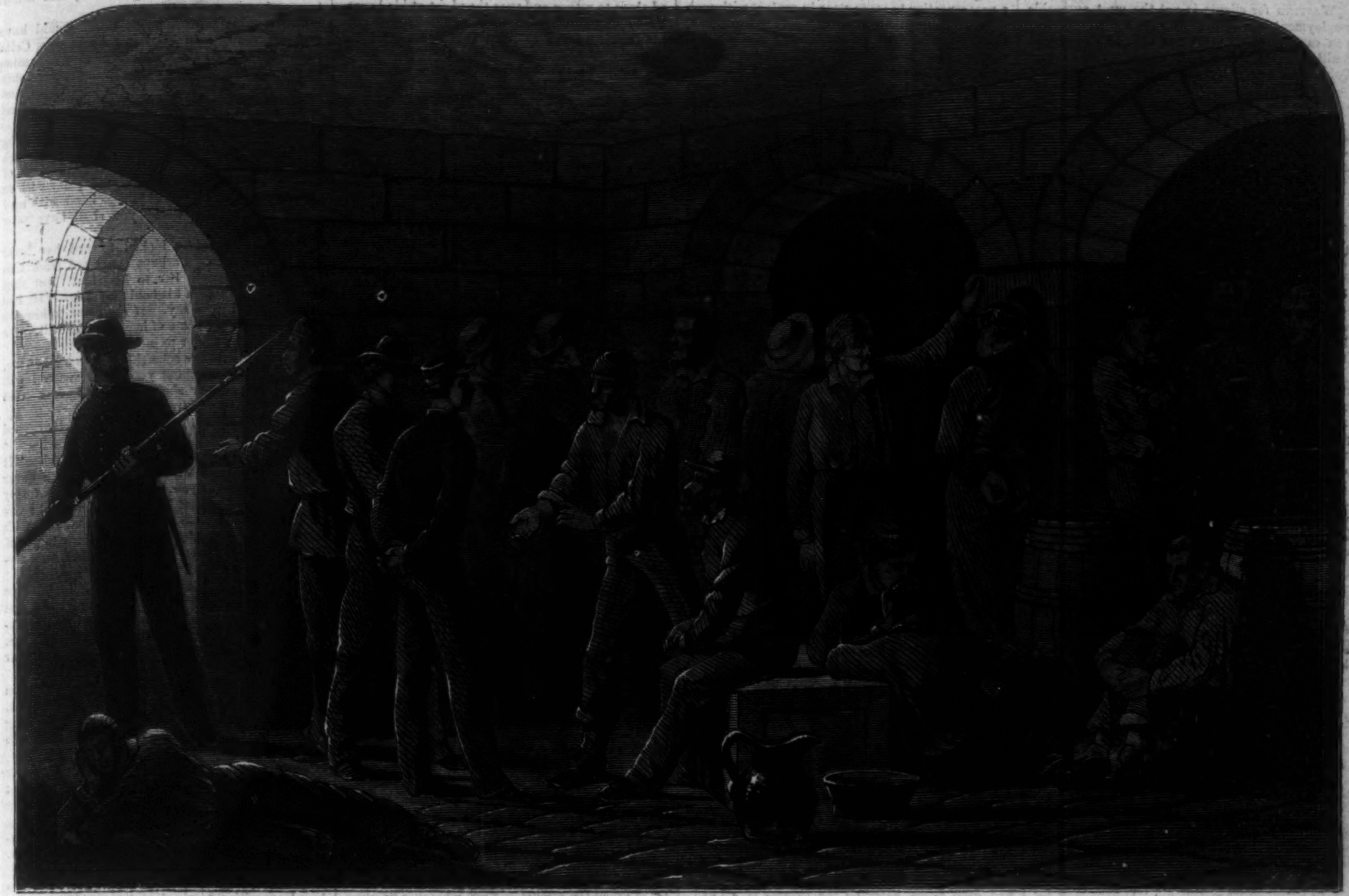
EARTH-WORKS NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED ON FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE, BY DURYEA'S ZOUAVES.—[SEE PAGE 630.]

DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST OHIO ZOUAVE REGIMENT FROM CINCINNATI FOR WESTERN VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY HENRY MOSLER.]



RECRUITING FOR THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AT WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.

THE BIVOUAC FIRE AT THE OUTPOSTS OF OUR ARMY ON THE POTOMAC.



REBEL PRISONERS IN THE DUNGEON OF THE STATE HOUSE AT JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY JAMES A. GUIRL.]

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

WE publish herewith, from sketches by Mr. J. A. Guirl, a picture of THE REBEL PRISONERS IN THE DUNGEON OF THE STATE HOUSE AT JEFFERSON CITY, MO., and a picture of A REBEL SHOOTING A UNION PICKET. Mr. Guirl writes: "The large, rough man sitting on the floor, with plate, bucket, etc., before him, is a desperate fellow, and is confined in the dungeon most of the time. He is holding a cracker in one hand, and cursing the Unionists for not giving him something better to eat. The man with a cap behind the barrel is the son of Gov. Jackson. The guard standing with his gun at the door is in a very awkward position, but he was standing in that way when I sketched him."

A REBEL PROWLER SHOOTING A UNION PICKET NEAR JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY JAMES A. GUIRL.]

LOVE IN KENTUCKY.

WAITING for clients is not the most agreeable employment in life. If you have a good digestion you can take your quantum suff. of Chitty and Smith's leading cases, with an occasional quid of Coke upon Littleton; and having read yourself into a state of torpor, you can take a walk or a gallop on horseback; or if disposed to waste your time, you can do so by devoting an hour to some pretty maid or charming widow, taking care not to commit yourself unnecessarily. In this way I worried through my first year in Barrington, a large town in Kentucky, where I chanced to settle. For the first week I turned my head sharply when the door of my office opened, expecting to see a client. My nerves had ample time to become tranquil, however, and after a few months I was so accustomed to solitude that I should have regarded an actual litigant, fee in hand, as a being for whom the sexton would presently come with a habeas corpus. The only person who commiserated me was the faithful Jake, who attended to my rooms. Being naturally social, he thought a man shut up at work all day the most wretched of creatures.

"Massa Bill" (African for William Tompkins, attorney and counselor), "seems to me you powerful lonesome here in Barrington. Little white, too, 'bout de chops." (I had not then the handsome grizzled beard which now adorns the lower part of my face.) "Lor, don't I wish you knew my old massa Barr'l [Barwell]. Jest to be dar 'bout hog-killin' time, scare up a fox or two at night, drive a deer down from the knobs in de mornin', den cavort roun' de country on horseback, see turkey-shootin', an' de scrub races, an', maybe, do a little courtin' when it come handy."

It was a tempting picture which Jake presented. I did know his master, though not intimately. I meditated.

"I should like to have a crack at a deer, Jake."

"Gor-a-mighty, massa, I'se nigger, and some folks tink dey don't know noffin. But let Jake alone. I go Sunday to Massa Barr'l's, caze ole Sally she looks for me. Hi! Chasin' arter the dogs at sun-up through the black-jacks* is better 'n loafin in dis dead-an'-live town."

It was Saturday; that night, armed with a pass against molestation by the patrol, Jake went home. I thought no more of the hunting, but amused myself next day as well as I could, making a synopsis of Brother Banger's sermon. I had many times wandered after him through the tangled shrubbery of his periods; but I thought I would this time set down logically his premises, major and minor, with the conclusions, mathematically speaking, to reduce his vulgar fractions, with swelling denominators, to lowest terms. But did you ever wait for the settling of the froth of new ale?

I have heard some startling sermons in my time. Think of a man with cropped hair, groveling look, *no* manners, the action of a wood-sawyer, and the tone of a bull, getting up, pulling his coat off, loosening his cravat, and then "going in" after this fashion: "Breethren an' sister'n, I'm all the way from *Ind*ianny—ah, where I left my wife'n six children—ah, to come over here an' preach to you the Gospel—ah! I ain't got no larnin', an' I don't want any. I'm proud to be as ign'rant as my lord an' master—ah, an' his disciples an' apostles—ah! If God wanted me to have larnin'—ah, he'd a gin me larnin'." And so on for an hour. I [William Tompkins, counselor, etc.] am ready to make affidavit having heard this exercise—the *ahs* exploded like a lumberer's when felling an oak—one fine day in the woods, where, from a safe distance on horseback, I beheld the motley crowd that gathers on such occasions.

I do *not* believe, however, the story which my friend James tells of a young preacher, who, in the midst of the long prayer before sermon, casting his eye furtively upon his watch on the pulpit-cushion, and seeing that a considerable portion of the customary fifteen minutes remained to be filled, went through every form of petition he had ever heard, including the restoration of the Jews to Palestine and the coming of the millennium; and at last, thinking of an expedient which had sometimes served him in eking out an unsatisfactory exhortation, exclaimed, "*And now, O Lord, I will relate an anecdote!*"

I repeat, I do not believe this story, although it has some features of probability.

To return. On Monday Jake appeared with a knowing face. Presently the cause of his knowing expression came out. Colonel Barwell called. It was county court day, when every farmer of substance (and some without) came to town to do business. The colonel was in many respects a very remarkable man. He was tall, six feet two, broad-shouldered, and not too corpulent. His leonine hair fell back [illegible] from a fair brow, while the lower part of his face was browned, and his solid chin thickly set with stumps of blue-black beard. A more commanding person one would seldom see. Two things you would be certain of: first, that Colonel Barwell had the most flourishing farm in the county; second, that his family (in his own opinion) was beyond comparison the first and bluest blooded that ever sprang from old Virginia. His courtesy was overwhelming in its stateliness. He had come to ask me to make him a visit. Jake's intervention was politely kept in the back-ground. His daughter, attending school in Barrington, was going to return with him that day, having a vacation of a few weeks. My business was not troublesome, and nothing stood in the way of acceptance. In the afternoon Colonel Barwell called for me, and, having mounted our horses, we rode to the seminary. The daughter was already at the door in a riding-suit. A young fellow came out, and, as I thought, exchanged a significant glance with her. The colonel bent his scowling regards upon the youngster as he walked away, but neither spoke or recognized the other.

"Come, my daughter," said Colonel Barwell, "Jake is holding your horse."

* The black-jack is a species of stunted oak, abounding in Southern Kentucky.

As we rode away I took my place at her right, being beckoned there by her father. It was really a new sensation to me to come in contact with such a fresh and spontaneous nature. Very handsome, animated, vivacious, and natural, I really think she spoke just as she thought, and without a particle of policy or reserve. Nevertheless she did not once allude to the youth who had departed with the reflection of her smile on his face. And I suspected that her rapid and even brilliant talk was the result of effort.

In due time we traversed the sixteen miles which constituted our journey to Colonel Barwell's estate; our ride through the prairie land, covered here and there with stunted scraggy black-jacks, does not require any special mention. Neither shall I describe the house, the negro quarters, the kennels, and stables. Are there not tourists who do this? Nor shall I dwell upon the sumptuous entertainments, the old-fashioned Virginia dances, the morning rides, the exhilarating life in the open air, the freedom from restraint, which make a wealthy Kentucky farmer's house the most delightful place to visit in the (Western) world. Miss Celia was my constant companion, and Jake was our faithful squire. But I could not forget that youngster, and I felt sure that Miss Barwell did not forget him either. You can believe me. I am not the hero of my own story. The youth had been beforehand with me.

Jake, however, drew conclusions rapidly.

"Powerful good girl, Miss Cely; caze I knows her from a picaninnie. Carried her in my arms; reckon couldn't do it now, nohow." And Jake laughed, but continued: "Dere's only two of 'em to sheer the property, Miss Cely an' Miss Anny; short division, hi! a mighty big farm an' lots o' niggers. Couldn't do better, noways. And Massa Bill" [meaning me, William Tompkins], "I sh'd like to b'long to you, I should *so*."

I had not thought of making an investment in that species of live stock; but the frank avowal of confidence by Jake was a compliment to my good temper which I own was flattering. So I told him that if I were his owner I would not whip him more than once a week; at which he haw-hawed, and showed his vermilion gums again.

Nothing could be more touching than the pride and affection Colonel Barwell felt in his daughter. He watched her sparkling face at table, and followed her steps across the floor with all a father's fondness in his eyes. His wife was dead; he had no son; and his second daughter, Anne, was plainer, and of a quiet turn.

I remained a week, and the hunting was successful. On one occasion Colonel Barwell gave a proof of his astonishing skill with the rifle. Jake had gone home, carrying the carcass of a buck, and the colonel and I sauntered through the woods. It was a heavy gun: not the one he used for birds and squirrels: but nothing escaped him. Squirrels, which I could not see, came tumbling down from the trees; partridges and quails dropped among the low bushes; in every case the ball touched only the head. "Do you never hit in the body?" I asked. "Never, in this kind of game. If I should kill a bird or squirrel with a ball in his crop I should leave it in the bushes." I mentally determined not to become a target for Colonel Barwell as long as there was any other for him to shoot at.

On the morning when I was to return home my host expressed the customary satisfaction at the visit, in which I heartily joined; and he assured me that he would remember me in any legal business he might have.

Miss Celia (the prefix is universal in Kentucky) came to the stile, and kindly bade me good-by. I *afterward* remembered that I saw her slip something into Jake's hand.

I resumed my former mode of life. A fortnight passed, when one evening, going to the hotel for tea, I heard that Colonel Barwell's daughter had eloped with young Manley—for a Gretna Green marriage in Tennessee, it was supposed—and that the father was in hot pursuit. *Then* I remembered the letter given to Jake, and the significant glances between Miss Celia and the unknown young man. The news startled me. I saw once more the spirited girl, full of enthusiasm and romantic nonsense, fancying herself a heroine. I saw the father, too, with his pride, self-will, and energy, thundering along in the track of the fugitives. I hardly knew whether to wish for their escape or no. I feared for the young man howsoever it fell out.

And who was Manley? I asked a number of persons, each of whom answered after his own way of thinking. No *one* man can give a correct idea of another; by two or three observations, as in trigonometry, you can obtain the data and compute the elements.

Manley was the son of a wagon-maker in Barrington, "poor but honest" (as the damaging phrase is), who had brought up a numerous family, feared God, and obeyed the laws. The eldest son was of medium height, but looked puny beside the tall men who are reared in Kentucky. He was shapely and even graceful, but slender in figure and retiring in manner. While other young men hunted or reveled he read and studied, until his complexion became singularly delicate for that scorching climate. When he was described to me, I well remembered his large blue eyes, full of intelligence and sensibility, and so shy withal, that no one ever had more than a passing glance from them. This was the man, albeit so shrinking and feminine, who had fascinated the stately and self-assured girl; this fellow, as timid as a deer with his horns in the velvet, had succeeded while a score of vigorous gallants were waiting for an opportunity!

Next day, toward evening, young Manley, with a companion named Cockburn, came back to Barrington without the young lady. As the town was full of a thousand flying stories about the elopement, the disappointed hero was overwhelmed with questions. This was the explanation:

Colonel Barwell had pushed on to the last inn on the border of Tennessee, and had there learned that the lovers had preceded him at least an hour, and that they were by that time probably man and wife. The inn-keeper added, that he expected them to return and pass the night at his house. There was no alternative; the baffled father sent his foaming horse to the stable and waited for them.

Meanwhile the fugitives found the magistrate who generally tied the hurried knots for couples from Kentucky; unfortunately, he had no blank licenses required by the law, and to serve the present purpose he took one which had been used; erasing the old names and filling in the new. The ceremony performed in this irregular way, the young couple returned in high spirits, and soon reached the inn. A bountiful supper awaited them, and, when it was finished, the bride was shown to her chamber; Miss Celia was humming a song as she opened the door, but the notes froze in her throat when the light she carried fell upon the stern features of her father. He stood before her, just within the room; a thousand rebukes in his silent face.

"Father!" It was all she could say.

"Daughter!" And he stood with folded arms. "So you ran away," he went on at length, "ran away, like one of the 'poor trash.' *My* daughter, who can marry whom she likes! I am not angry, but I am ashamed of you."

She did not speak. Proud and resolute as she was, she knew her master.

"Are you married?"

She bowed silently.

"According to law? Oh, you don't know! We'll see about that. Now, my daughter, you haven't but one life to live, and we can't have it wasted in experiments. When it is a proper time for you to marry I shall allow you a free choice; but you are a foolish child now, and nothing more. You thought it would be funny or romantic to do this—as though it were something that could be undone! I shall take you home with me, and you can then reflect. I don't believe you will disgrace yourself by choosing any such low-flung people. But, first of all, whose notion was it, this running away, yours or his?"

"Mine," she answered, tremblingly. Perhaps not truly, for her father's eyes shone as he put the last question, and, knowing the violence of his wrath, she saw what a tempest was about to break on the unlucky bridegroom.

"I shall see you again presently," said the father. He walked to the door, and, taking the key, went out and locked her in. He had not far to go. Manley had heard voices, and was coming up when he encountered the man whom, of all men living, he dreaded to meet.

"Are you the fellow that has stolen my daughter?" asked the colonel. Now, whatever bravery Manley had, it did not nerve him to look calmly on threatening muzzles, or to be cheerful in anticipation of having his bones broken. He had a theoretical or sentimental courage, very well in its way, inasmuch as it has sustained some very trembling knees on their way to the stake; but it was not of the kind needful in a "scrimmage," when, after natural means are exhausted, the bowie-knife comes in to settle the affair. So Manley, feeling an uncertainty in his legs, and a prodigious thumping at his heart, answered, in words that seemed to have the palsy:

"Yes, Sir—that is, I married her—by her consent. She was—was not stolen."

"Oh! Not stolen. Now, Sir, I want to know about the ceremony. Tell me what was done—all about it."

Mr. Manley was not a man with a legal education, or he would have known better than to admit away his case. In fact, he had a foolish sort of frankness that is highly commended in story-books, but is very bad policy, especially in dealing with an antagonist like Colonel Barwell. So he told what had happened, not omitting the mending of the second-hand license. A gleam of delight lighted up the colonel's iron face when he heard that.

"Caught in your own trap, you fool!" he exclaimed. "The marriage is not legal; not worth so much as continental currency; void from the beginning. My daughter is not your wife. Go home, you fool! Perhaps you can make a wagon-wheel. Think yourself lucky that I leave you with a whole skin."

Manley was roused by the taunts, and said something about appealing to the daughter. The colonel unlocked the door, and, standing on the threshold to keep the unmarried couple apart, said:

"My daughter, you have been imposed upon, deceived, betrayed. The marriage was a sham; it gives you neither the rights nor the protection of a wife. Now go home with me. I only ask you to stay three weeks. If at the end of that time you wish to marry this man you shall have an honorable wedding at my house. But I don't believe that, possessing your senses, you will ever marry such a mean-spirited fellow as he has shown himself."

Here Cockburn interrupted from the stair-way. "If you are fool enough to agree to that, Manley, then you are a mean-spirited fellow, and you don't deserve to have her."

"Who is this pitching in with his cock-a-doodle-doo?" inquired the colonel. "Come here, you, if you want your comb cut." And he took out a keen, glittering bowie-knife, and felt the edge with his thumb. Manley could not repress a shudder as he saw this unconcerned handling of the fearful weapon. He spoke, however, more calmly than before.

"Cockburn, I don't want any blood shed on my account—your blood least of all. As I said before, I did not steal the young lady, and to prove that I have no wish to control her against her will, I will leave it for her to decide. If she loves me, she will not leave me for her father's threats. If we are not lawfully married, it will be easy to have the ceremony lawfully performed. I shall not answer Colonel Barwell's flings at my father's business. Some people, whom the world considers great, have not been ashamed of the labor of their hands. And there are many rich men whom I would not exchange places with, if I had to take their ignorance, their animal habits, and brutal temper."

A few minutes earlier this retort would have cost the young man his life. As it was, Celia turned pale, while she watched the play of passion in her father's face. But he, feeling pretty sure of triumph, was willing to let the youth talk, and preferred on the whole not to have the trouble and scandal of a fight.

"Come, daughter, you have heard the young spark. He can talk, though he hasn't the pluck to do any thing else." (Still feeling the edge of the knife, and showing his teeth to Manley with an expressive smile.) "Will you go home with me? I tell you in three weeks you shall have your choice."

She wavered. She looked toward her lover with tearful eyes. Perhaps one word from him would have brought her to his side. But that foolish uprightness of his held him silent. He had said what he had to say. If she came to him, he thought, she must come of her own free will. He would not lift a finger to induce her.

"Decide," said the colonel. "If you leave me, leave your name behind you; for I swear I will never own you, nor shall you ever have a crust from me to save you from starving!"

She moved a step toward her father. He opened his arms.

"Can you forgive me, George?" she said. "It is only for a little while. I swear I will never marry any one but you. But to please my father—and you know what he has promised—will you not let me go? Then we'll have a wedding, with our relations and friends. I can't bear to go off with father's curse on my head. *Won't* you forgive me, George? I will be true to you."

What the father thought he kept in his own breast. He clasped his daughter in his arms, and throwing a cold glance over his shoulder to Manley, said, with ironical courtesy, "You can go, young man. And you may as well order your horse to be fed for an early start."

"I am obliged to you," said Manley. "You can keep your advice for another. As for you, Celia, I must abide by your decision. Something within tells me that we part forever. But the die is cast by your hand. Farewell!"

Next day Colonel Barwell and his daughter started homeward. Manley and Cockburn sat at the door, but no words were interchanged. An hour or two later the young men followed, reaching Barrington in the evening. The most disappointed and enraged man of the party was Cockburn. Though less stalwart and muscular than the colonel, he was full of reckless impetuosity, and was keenly sensitive to the imputation of cowardice. It chafed him to see his friend's tame acquiescence in Colonel Barwell's insolent dictation, and he would have been glad to have a brush if his principal had shown the least disposition to sustain him.

"We shall be laughed out of the world for this," was his hundred-times repeated consolation to the downcast bridegroom on the way home. "Two young men to let one old fellow bully them, ride over them rough-shod, and carry off the girl when they had her sure! You and I could have chawed him up in three minutes."

"But he was too well armed."

"D—n his butcher-knife! That isn't worth shucks when you close in. Give a regular bear's hug, and a man can't carve you up."

"But I don't want a fight."

"Then what on earth did you go in for? Don't grip with the devil unless you mean to use your nails. We go home like a couple of dogs with their tails between their legs. You can jump into Green River, or take lodgings in the Mammoth Cave, but you can't hold up your head in Barrington. What made you tell him about that license?"

"Why, you said it was legal."

"So I say now; the girl is your wife. But you might have kept your mouth shut."

The nearer they came to the town the more the dread of ridicule weighed upon Cockburn. Again and again he repeated:

"We are disgraced—cowed like spaniels—not worth the powder to blow us up."

"Well, what could I have done?"

"Stood up for your rights, demanded your wife, showed fight. The old man wouldn't care to have a ball through his body any more than you or I. Besides, your wife had nobody to go to. You didn't show her that you would protect her and so you made her give up to him."

"But it's over now, and I have agreed to wait three weeks."

"Don't be a spooney, and let the wool be pulled over your eyes in that way. I tell you she is your wife, and she showed her disposition plain enough. Go out to her father's place and take her!"

Poor Manley was in a sad dilemma. The shame and mortification of the affair were quite enough without the stinging taunts of his companion. He saw how he had been bullied and swindled, and, but for his word, he would have risked his life in the attempt to recover his bride. No man becomes so recklessly brave as a man of a delicate, sensitive, cowardly nature, stung into madness, or turned to bay in despair.

In every town of Kentucky there is a set of gentlemanly loafers, who in pleasant weather sit on chairs atilt at the street-corners under the trees, moving round with the shadow the whole day. When it is cool they congregate in lawyers' offices, groceries, bar-rooms, the clerk's office, or wherever their company is welcome. Quids of tobacco and home-made cigars are their solace, whittling cedar-sticks is their ostensible employment, and telling stories and playing practical jokes their diversion. Woe to the unlucky wight whose short-comings or mistakes bring him under their notice! Dante never dreamed of worse refinement of torture than they know how to apply. Their laughter is worse than a volley, their gibes are more to be dreaded than a thrust from a two-inch blade. It is use-

less for a man to say that he don't care. They give the cue to the town, and every face is wreathed in smiles, every finger is pointed, every voice says, "Aha!"

No man can face a whole community long. Into such a nest of hornets came Manley and Cockburn. Every where the ludicrous end of the elopement was the theme of jeering conversation. Verses were extemporized upon it, and were sung by all the idle rascals in town, black and white. Manley was treated to a mock serenade; horns were blown, kettles were beaten; one of the serenaders had a tame crow which cawed in concert; another led a venerable goat that bleated when his beard was pulled; for Manley it was Pandemonium let loose. The company had thoughts of bestowing similar delicate attention on Cockburn; but the more prudent remembered his revolver, and thought it best not to run the risk of being peppered.

Cockburn met Manley next day, and was surprised to see the change in his face. Though still pale and thin, his bloodless lips were sharply compressed, and his eyes, no longer humid and womanly, shone with a cold, steady lustre.

"You see now," said Cockburn, "we might as well be in the infernal regions. Something must be done. We can't kill all these fellows; they are too many. You have nothing left but your choice between three things: to run away, cut your throat, or go and get your wife."

"I will go and get my wife!"

"Good!" exclaimed Cockburn. "I begin to believe in you."

Their plan was speedily arranged. Cockburn undertook to engage two or three men to accompany them. They thought the display of force would intimidate the colonel into submission.

Strange that any persons could have been found to go on so desperate an errand. Perhaps. But what enterprise, however fool-hardy, has ever failed to draw followers from among the restless spirits of Kentucky? If Molino del Rey is to be stormed, Kentuckians are the first to scale the walls. If Buena Vista is to be won against seven-fold odds, Kentucky rifles and cavalry are ready. If Lopez needs men to be garroted or shot in a vain attempt upon Cuba, or if the little tyrant Walker calls for aid in establishing a slave republic in Central America, Kentuckians are eager to brave fever and vomito, hunger and thirst, poisonous reptiles and more deadly semi-savages, all for glory and the love of adventure.

Preparations were speedily and silently made, and next morning at daylight Manley and Cockburn, with three friends, all armed to the teeth, set out for Colonel Barwell's estate. All of them wore cloaks or loose coats, to conceal their weapons; and as they had kept their intention secret, they expected to take the enemy completely by surprise.

But the proverbial "little bird" carried the news; in this case it was a black bird—namely, Jake. In some mysterious way he heard of what was going on, and at once came to me.

"Massa Bill, dere's trouble a brewin' for ole Massa Barr'l. Dat yer Manley an' Cockbun is goin' to-morrer to fotch away Miss Cely, an' to shoot de ole man if he gits in de way."

Jake, in common with all his race, had a mortal contempt for "po'r white trash;" and he was rejoiced beyond measure when his master came home victorious. "I 'spected he was done shet* of dat po'r white-livered chap, an' dat Miss Cely 'd be 'shamed of stoopin' to de low-flung people for a man. Gor-a-mighty, I hope ole massa 'll gib de whole crowd some lead to fotch back wid 'em! Don't you, Massa Bill?"

I had not made up my mind.

"But, Massa Bill, wouldn't you now be a frien' to ole massa, and jest ride over an' let him know, so 's they shan't jump on him onawares?"

"Me! Go sixteen miles at night! I think I shall not interfere in the quarrel. Why don't you go youself? Mind, I don't tell you to do it, nor advise you."

"Oh, massa, you'se sartin lawyer enough to know dat nigger's word ain't good for noffin in court; an' if dere's any trouble ole massa maybe 'll want to show that he knowed de rascals was a comin'."

The astute Jake! To think that he was more far-seeing than I in my own field!

Notwithstanding, I kept my ground. I did not see any reason why I should desire that Manley, or even the hare-brained Cockburn, should be shot. But Jake was bent on his errand, and, after borrowing a dollar from me, set out and found some white man to accompany him. I neither helped nor hindered.

A little after sunrise Miss Celia was making her toilet, when she heard the tramp of horses; she looked out of window and recognized her lover and Cockburn. What she felt I don't pretend to say. For afterward, when it became a matter of great importance to know, she kept her counsel. A remarkably intelligent and self-possessed person she proved to be. But, at all events, she started up and ran down stairs in a great [illegible] to inform her father? I did not say so. For any [illegible], I know, she may have intended to run to her lover's arms. But in the hall her father was ready; his rifle on his arm, a double-barreled gun in the corner; powder, balls, buck-shot, patches, and percussion-caps in a chair at his knee. She had not time to speak before he stepped forward, raised the rifle, and said, "Keep off! Don't open my gate, or I shall fire!"

"Don't shoot! Keep cool!" some one answered.

The party were close together, and Manley in advance, was just opening the gate, a hundred yards or so from the porch where the colonel stood. The gate swung open, and the party coolly came on.

"Once more!" shouted the colonel, "I warn you!"

At the same instant the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, and Manley fell off his horse. His party responded with pistol-shots, but their fire fell short, and only enraged their antagonist. Quick as lightning he discharged a load of buck-shot from the other gun, and winged two of them; one was Cockburn, whose right arm fell powerless at his side.

The horsemen now halted for parley. These movements took place within ten seconds from the time when Celia came down. It was not until after Colonel Barwell had set down the second gun, still smoking, by the door, that he became conscious of his daughter's presence. She had fallen to the floor and was grasping his knees with cries and supplications. She did not obey his stern order to go to her room, but still clung to him, weeping convulsively.

The two unwounded members of the expedition now dismounted and picked up the body of their unfortunate chief.

"Bring him in," said the colonel. "Is it peace or war?" he continued, as he rammed down a ball in his rifle. "Let us understand each other."

"Peace," was the reply.

Cockburn meanwhile, and his wounded companion, got off their horses with difficulty, and fainted from pain and loss of blood before they had gone ten steps. (I may as well state here that amputation became necessary in both cases.)

Manley was brought into the hall and laid on his cloak for a pillow. The colonel stood by unflinchingly; not a muscle moved. His daughter bent over the body in a paroxysm of grief, and, I dare say, of remorse. Manley breathed feebly, but his eyes were shut in insensibility. Presently he gave a groan, which shook his whole frame; his eyes slowly unclosed. "I told you!—we part—I die for you! Farewell!" He was dead.

The colonel drew a deep breath. "This is a sorry business, gentlemen," said he, "and I hope you are satisfied with your share in it."

No one ventured to answer. Celia still sat by the dead body, weeping and moaning.

The master of the house then called his servants, and gave orders for the care of the dead body. He dispatched one for a surgeon, and ordered another to have his carriage ready. The wounded men were brought in to receive medical treatment.

Then, turning to one of the unfortunate party, he said:

"Of course this affair will require a legal investigation. My carriage is prepared. Please ride over to Squire Hemenway, the coroner; ask him to have a jury summoned, and say that I and the witnesses are ready."

While waiting for the coroner Colonel Barwell took his daughter aside and said,

"You must not blame me, Celia. I had information last night of their coming, in violation of agreement, to tear you from me by force. You are my child, and the law gives me the right to protect you and to defend my house from violence. You were not his wife, and he had no claim upon you, even if he had come with an officer instead of a party of armed desperadoes. And remember—for possibly I may not be allowed to give bail, but may have to be imprisoned until the trial comes on—remember, I say, that you saw Manley's hand on a revolver under his cloak as he came through the gate."

What she saw, or what she remembered or said, rests with her. I only give the facts that were brought out at the trial. Miss Celia, in a very distinct voice, then testified as her father wished, and, upon cross-examination, she admitted the conversation I have just recorded.

The coroner sat. A magistrate to whom the homicide surrendered himself bound him over to the next term of court. The colonel gave bail and went at large, as stately in his carriage, as proud and defiant, or as gracious and agreeable, as he had ever been. The day he was admitted to bail he came to Barrington and engaged counsel for the defense: among them myself. It was my first important case, and I threw all my energies into its preparation. Of course I saw much of the colonel and of his daughter. The conflict in her mind was over. Her lover was in his grave; her father was in danger; and she was more drawn to the living than the dead. Perhaps in some little nook of her heart (if she had one) she preserved a recollection of the man who had paid for his love with his life; but for all that I could discern, Manley was as dead to her as though he had never existed.

I shall not report the trial, nor the speeches (two for the prosecution and four for the defense). My own speech, carefully written out, and rehearsed to an attentive audience of black-jacks half a mile out of town, is still on my files, indorsed

Commonwealth of Kentucky
vs.
James Barwell,
under indictment for murder.
Argument of W. T. for defense.

Of course our client was acquitted. Who ever knew a Kentucky jury to convict where they believed there was "a fair fight?"

Cockburn and the Manleys railed at the jury, as might have been expected; but a one-armed man might talk as much as he chose, since he could not take up the quarrel; and, as for the [illegible] Manleys, what matter was it what a set of [illegible] "no-account" wagon-makers said?

"And Miss Celia?" She is married to a [illegible]ing planter in Tennessee. "Her father?" [illegible] on his estate, comfortable and respected.

"No poetical justice, then?" Not a particle.

MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, SHOWING FORT HATTERAS AND THE SOUNDS IT COMMANDS.

* In Kentucky, *to be shut of* a man is to be rid of him.

PICKING HOPS.

ON the hills of old Otsego,
By her brightly gleaming lake,
Where the sound of horn and hunter
Sylvan echoes love to wake,
Where the wreaths of twining verdure
Clamber to the saplings' tops,
I sat beside sweet Minnie Wilder,
In the great field picking hops.

Then the clusters green and golden
Binding in her sunny hair,
Half afraid, yet very earnest,
Looking in her face so fair;
Speaking low, while Squire Von Lager
Talked of past and coming crops,
Said I, "Minnie, should a soldier
Stay at home here picking hops?

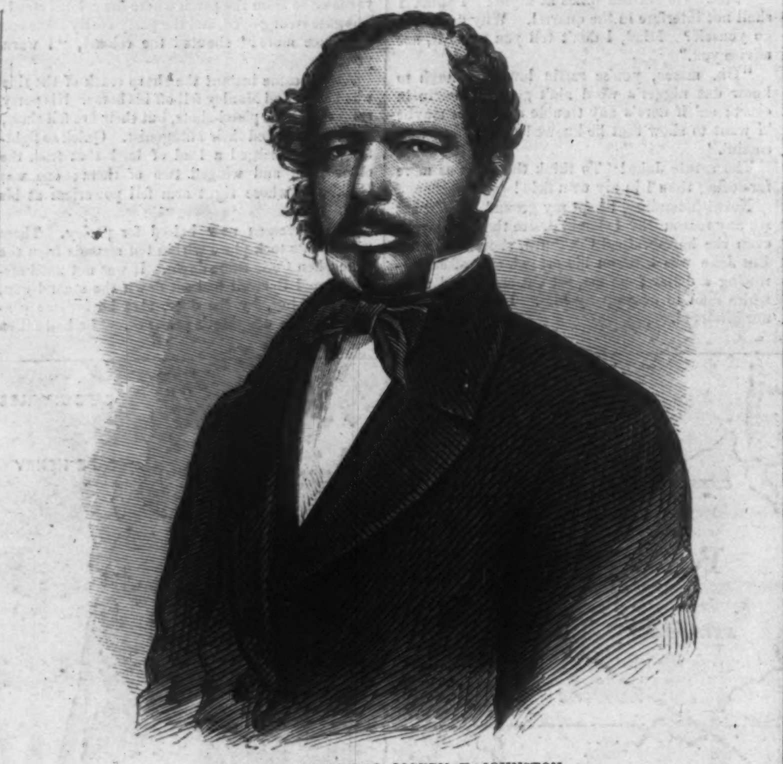
"While the country, torn asunder,
Calls for men like me to fight,
And the voice of patriots pleading
Asks for hands to guard the right;
While from hearts of heroes slaughtered
Still the life-blood slowly drops,
Can I—shall I stay beside you,
Minnie darling, picking hops?"

Very pale the cheek was growing,
And the hand I held was cold;
But the eye was bright and glowing,
While my troubled thought was told;
Yet her voice was clear and steady,
Without sighs, or tears, or stops,
When she answered, speaking quickly,
"'Tis women's work, this picking hops.

"Men should be where duty calls them,
Women stay at home and pray
For the gallant absent soldier,
Proud to know he would not stay."
"Bravely spoken, darling Minnie!"
Then I kissed her golden locks,
Breathed anew a soldier's promise,
As we sat there picking hops.

Now I go away to-morrow,
And I'll dare to do or die,
Win a leader's straps and sword, love,
Or 'mid fallen heroes lie.
Then when all of earth is fading,
And the fluttering life-pulse stops,
Still 'mid thoughts of home and heaven,
I'll remember picking hops.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS. E. B.



THE REBEL GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

THE REBEL GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

WE published in our last number a portrait of the Rebel General ALBERT S. JOHNSTON, who commands the rebel forces on the Mississippi: we now give the other JOHNSTON, JOSEPH E., who, with Beauregard, commands the rebel army on the Potomac.

JOSEPH ECCLESTON JOHNSTON was born in Virginia about the year 1804, and is, consequently, some fifty-seven years of age at present. After the usual school education, young Johnston was adopted by the United States, and was brought up in their Military Academy at West Point, at their cost, and under their flag. On leaving West Point he was appointed to the Fourth Artillery, and served in that capacity till 1836, when he became First Lieutenant and Assistant Commissary of Subsistence—a very desirable berth. In 1888 he was appointed First Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and served in that capacity through the Florida War, obtaining for his services the brevet of Captain. In 1846 he became full Captain, and served first with the Engineers, and next with a regiment of Voltigeurs, throughout the Mexican War, receiving two brevets for distinguished conduct. At the close of the war he was retained in the Topographical Engineers, and enjoyed a life of agreeable ease in the Government service, until last year, when he was placed at the head of the Quarter-master's department, with the rank of Brigadier-General. The appointment was made in June, 1860, when General Scott foresaw the trouble looming in the future: it is to be presumed that, in placing General Johnston in the responsible position of Quarter-master-General, he placed implicit reliance upon his loyalty. How that faith was requited may be inferred from the fact that, early in 1861, Joseph E. Johnston forswore his allegiance, deserted his flag, and made war against his country at the head of the Virginia rebels. General Johnston is second in command in Virginia, with the rank of full General.

THE WAR IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

ONE of our artists has illustrated the following incident of the war in Western Virginia, described in the letter of a correspondent who writes from mouth of Twenty Mile Creek, August 29:

On the 24th, Companies B and H of the Ohio 12th Regiment, under command of Major Hines, started up New River, for Hawk's Nest, which we reached about three o'clock. Hawk's Nest is a rocky cliff, 1000 feet from the water's edge in New River. Here we took supper and cooked one day's rations, put them into our haversacks, and started up Gauley Mountain. We had to ascend single file, sometimes crawling and sometimes rolling. About ten o'clock we reached the Back Bone, or top of Gauley Mountain, where we slept soundly. We got up at four, walked a mile, took breakfast, waited an hour for the fog to get off, marched four miles and took dinner.

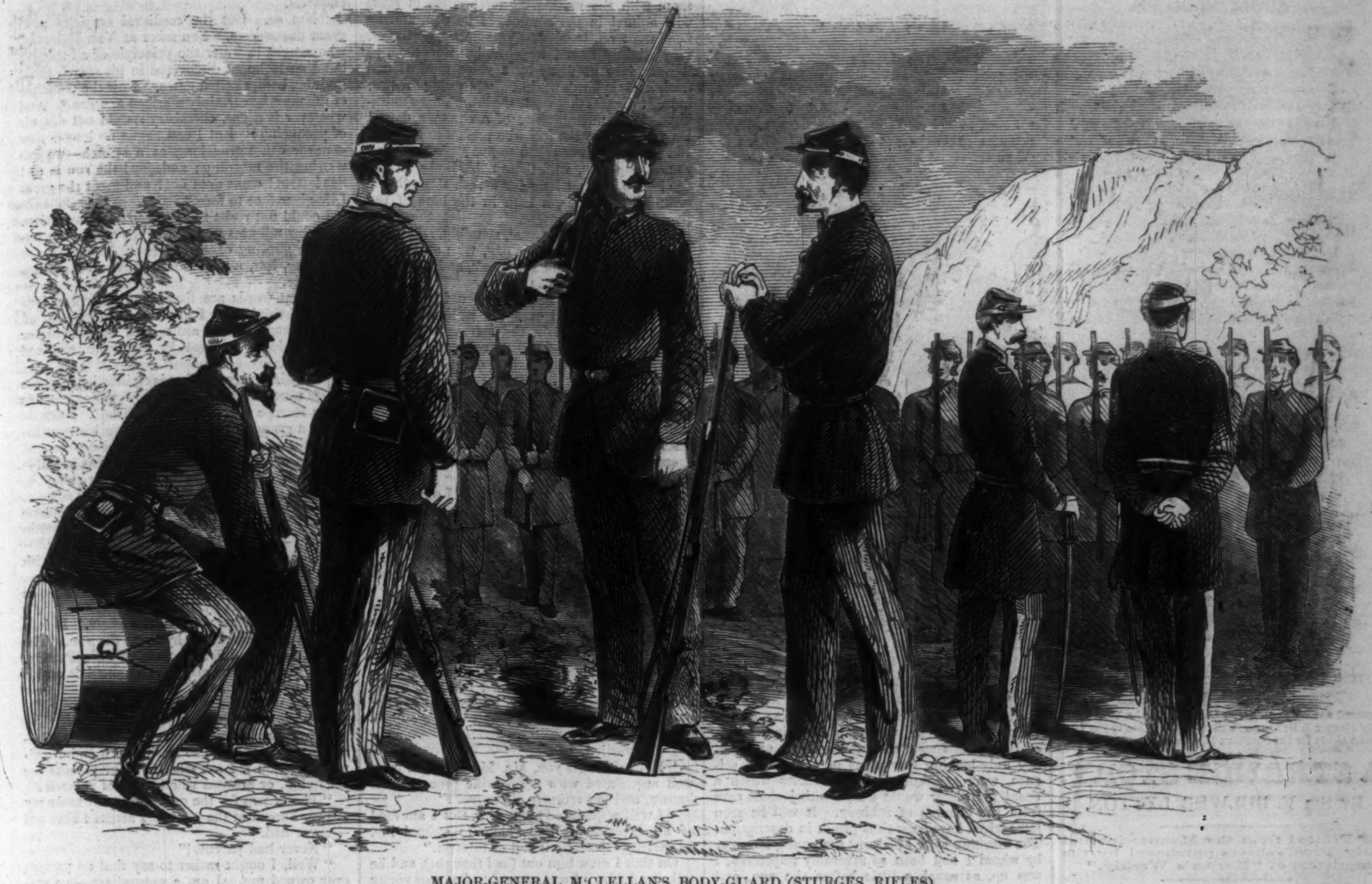
THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SHARP-SHOOTERS.

WE publish on page 625 several illustrations of the NEW HAMPSHIRE COMPANY OF BERDAN'S SHARP-SHOOTERS REGIMENT, including a portrait of Captain Jones. The *Tribune* said of this Company:

These New Hampshire marksmen are all men of excellent moral character, more than ordinary intelligence, and of good social position. Quite one-third are farmers, the remainder being composed of mechanics and artisans who earn their $2 a day the year round. They are led by Captain A. B. Jones, a stalwart, handsome young man, who was offered the commission by the Governor on his graduation-day at college, and who sprang with alacrity from the study of Euclid and Herodotus to that of Hardee and Scott.

He is a wonderful rifle-shot himself, having made a ten-shot string of *seven inches* from a rest in a recent public trial of the men. This almost equals the marvelous exploit of Colonel Berdan himself at the Weehawken exhibition, and is actually better than the champion-string made in '48 in Kentucky. Let the Colonel look to his laurels! The next best shot in the Company is one Brown, from Bow, New Hampshire, whose string measured fifteen inches; but the average of the whole hundred men is under thirty inches. Captain Jones, in recruiting the New Hampshire Company, advertised for candidates to come to head-quarters at Concord, bringing with them satisfactory certificates of good character and habits as their second qualification for admission. The result was that over 250 applications were made, nearly all of them by men who could "pass the string test." So that the 100 taken being deducted, there is material for another company of riflemen from the Old Granite State. New Hampshire has done well in this war in a good many ways, but she has nothing to be prouder of than the 100 whom she has sent to operate on the wings of an army under young Captain Jones. If they don't give a good account of themselves, we shall hereafter have no faith in strong arms, steady nerves, clear sight, or 40-pound rifles.

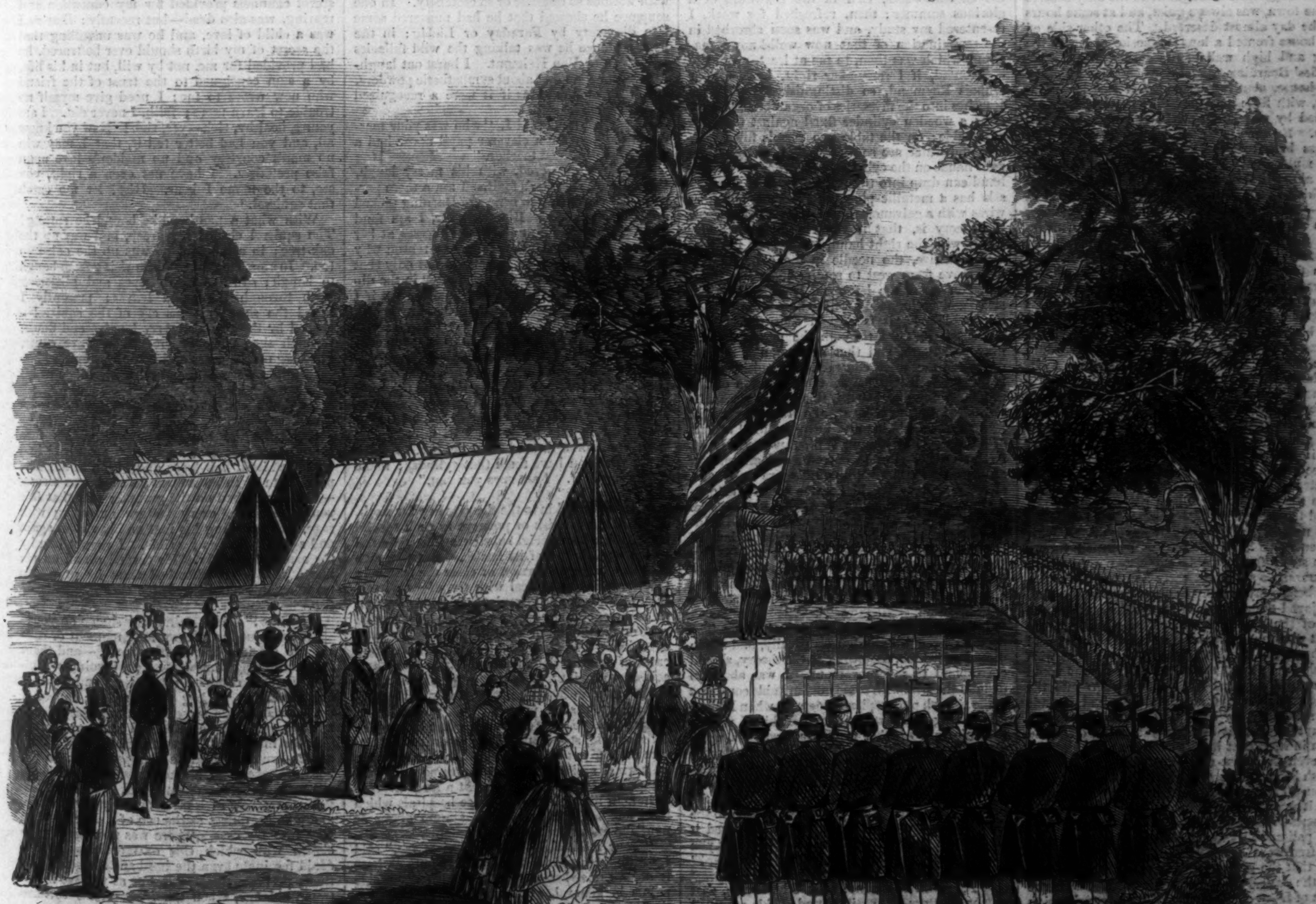
THE ASCENT OF GAULEY MOUNTAIN, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, BY THE TWELFTH OHIO REGIMENT



MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S BODY-GUARD (STURGES RIFLES).

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S BODY-GUARD.

WE illustrate herewith the corps known as the STURGES RIFLES, Captain Barker, who are serving as General M'Clellan's body-guard. They were recruited at Chicago, and took their name from the great grain merchant, Solomon Sturges, to whose liberality they were indebted for equipments. Before the outbreak of the war General M'Clellan had been connected with them as militia officer. When the war broke out they followed him into Western Virginia, and since then to Washington. They are a gallant body of picked men, all athletic, trained to endure fatigue, and all good shots. Their uniform is easy and comfortable, and is generally worn by General M'Clellan himself. Hitherto they have numbered one hundred and thirty-five men; they are now to be raised to one hundred and fifty-eight.



PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS AT CAMP BRUCE, NEAR CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY.—SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN FINCH.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, THE REBEL GEN. BONHAM'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[Photographed by Brady.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The house I occupied at L—— was a quaint, old-fashioned building—a corner house—one side, in which was the front entrance, looked upon a street which, as there were no shops in it, and it was no direct thoroughfare to the busy centres of the town, was always quiet, and at some hours of the day almost deserted. The other side of the house fronted a lane; opposite to it was the long and high wall of the garden to a Young Ladies' Boarding-School. My stables adjoined the house, abutting on a row of smaller buildings, with little gardens before them, chiefly occupied by mercantile clerks and retired tradesmen. By the lane there was short and ready access both to the high turnpike-road and to some pleasant walks through green meadows and along the banks of a river.

This house I had inhabited since my arrival at L——, and it had to me so many attractions, in a situation sufficiently central to be convenient for patients, and yet free from noise, and favorable to ready outlet into the country for such foot or horse exercise as my professional avocations would allow me to carve for myself out of what the Latin poet calls the "solid mass of the day," that I had refused to change it for one better suited to my increased income; but it was not a house which Mrs. Ashleigh would have liked for Lilian. The main objection to it, in the ey s of the "genteel," was, that it had formerly belonged to a member of the healing profession, who united the shop of an apothecary to the diploma of a surgeon; but that shop had given the house a special attraction to me; for it had been built out on that side of the house which fronted the lane, occupying the greater portion of a small gravel court, fenced from the road by a low iron palisade, and separated from the body of the house itself by a short and narrow corridor that communicated with the entrance-hall. This shop I turned into a rude study for scientific experiments, in which I generally spent some early hours of the morning, before my visiting patients began to arrive. I enjoyed the stillness of its separation from the rest of the house; I enjoyed the glimpse of the great chestnut-trees which overtopped the wall of the school garden; I enjoyed the ease with which, by opening the glazed sash-door, I could get out, if disposed for a short walk, into the pleasant fields; and so completely had I made this sanctuary my own, that not only my man-servant knew that I was never to be disturbed when in it, except by the summons of a patient, but even the house-maid was forbidden to enter it with broom or duster except upon special invitation. The last thing at night, before retiring to rest, it was the man-servant's business to see that the sash-window was closed and the gate to the iron palisade locked, but during the day time I so often went out of the house by that private way that the gate was . n very seldom locked, nor the sash-door bolted from within. In the town of L—— there was very little apprehension of house-robberies—especially in the daylight—and certainly in this room, cut off from the main building, there was nothing to attract a vulgar cupidity. A few of the apothecary's shelves and cases still remained on the walls, with here and there a bottle of some chemical preparation for experiment. Two or three worm-eaten wooden chairs; two or three shabby old tables; an old walnut-tree bureau, without a lock, into which odds-and-ends were confusedly thrust, and sundry ugly-looking inventions of mechanical science, were assuredly not the articles which a timid proprietor would guard with jealous care from the chances of robbery. It will be seen later why I have been thus prolix in description. The morning after I had met the young stranger by whom I had been so favorably impressed, I was up, as usual, a little before the sun, and long before any of my servants were astir. I went first into the room I have mentioned, and which I shall henceforth designate as my study, opened the window, unlocked the gate, and sauntered for some minutes up and down the silent lane skirting the opposite wall and overhung by the chestnut-trees, rich in the garniture of a glorious summer; then, refreshed for work, I re-entered my study, and was soon absorbed in the examination of that now well-known machine, which was then, to me at least, a novelty—invented, if I remember right, by Monsieur Dubois Reymond, so distinguished by his researches into the mysteries of organic electricity. It is a wooden cylinder fixed against the edge of a table; on the table two vessels filled with salt and water are so placed that, as you close your hands on the cylinder, the forefinger of each hand can drop into the water; each of the vessels has a metallic plate, and communicates by wires with a galvanometer with its needle. Now the theory is, that if you clutch the cylinder firmly with the right hand, leaving the left perfectly passive, the needle in the galvanometer will move from west to south; if, in like manner, you exert the left arm, leaving the right arm passive, the needle will deflect from west to north. Hence, it is argued that the electric current is induced through the agency of the nervous system, and that as human Will produces the muscular contraction requisite, so is it human Will that causes the deflection of the needle. I imagined that if this theory were substantiated by experiment, the discovery might lead to some sublime and unconjectured secrets of science. For human Will, thus actively effective on the electric current, and all matter, animate or inanimate, having more or less of electricity, a vast field became opened to conjecture. By what series of patient experimental deduction might not science arrive at the solution of problems which the Newtonian law of gravitation does not suffice to solve; and— But I must not suffer myself to be led away into the vague world of guess by the vague reminiscences of a knowledge long since wholly neglected, or half-forgotten.

I was dissatisfied with my experiment. The needle stirred, indeed, but erratically, and not in directions which, according to the theory, should correspond to my movement. I was about to dismiss the trial with some uncharitable contempt of the French philosopher's dogmas, when I heard a loud ring at my street door. While I paused to conjecture whether my servant was yet up to attend to the door, and which of my patients was the most likely to summon me at so unseasonable an hour, a shadow darkened my window. I looked up, and to my astonishment beheld the brilliant face of Mr. Margrave. The sash to the door was already partially opened; he raised it higher and walked into the room. "Was it you who rang at the street door, and at this hour?" said I.

"Yes; and observing, after I had rung, that all the shutters were still closed, I felt ashamed of my own rash action, and made off rather than brave the reproachful face of some injured housemaid, robbed of her morning dreams. I turned down that pretty lane—lured by the green of the chestnut-trees—caught sight of you through the window, took courage, and here I am! You forgive me?" While thus speaking he continued to move along the littered floor of the dingy room with the undulating restlessness of some wild animal in the confines of its den, and he now went on, in short fragmentary sentences, very slightly linked together, but smoothed, as it were, into harmony by a voice musical and fresh as a skylark's warble. "Morning dreams, indeed! dreams that waste the life of such a morning. Rosy magnificence of a summer dawn! Do you not pity the fool who prefers to lie abed, and to dream rather than to live? What! and you, strong man, with those noble limbs, in this den! Do you not long for a rush through the green of the fields, a bath in the blue of the river?"

Here he came to a pause, standing, still in the gray light of the growing day, with eyes whose joyous lustre forestalled the sun's, and lips which seemed to laugh even in repose.

But presently those eyes, as quick as they were bright, glanced over the walls, the floor, the shelves, the phials, the mechanical inventions, and then rested full on my cylinder fixed to the table. He approached, examined it curiously, asked what it was? I explained. To gratify him, I sat down and renewed my experiment, with equally ill success. The needle, which should have moved from west to south, describing an angle of from 30 degrees to 40 degrees, only made a few troubled undecided oscillations.

"Tut!" cried the young man, "I see what it is; you have a wound in your right hand."

That was true. I had burned my hand a few days before in a chemical experiment, and the sore had not healed.

"Well," said I, "and what does that matter?"

"Every thing; the least scratch in the skin of the hand produces chemical actions on the electric current, independently of your will. Let me try."

He took my place, and in a moment the needle in the galvanometer responded to his grasp on the cylinder, exactly as the French philosopher had stated to be the due result of the experiment

I was startled.

"But how came you, Mr. Margrave, to be so well acquainted with a scientific process little known, and but recently discovered?"

"I well acquainted! not so. But I am fond of all experiments that relate to animal life. Electricity especially is full of interest."

On that I drew him out (as I thought), and he talked volubly. I was amazed to find this young man, in whose brain I had conceived thought kept one careless holiday, was evidently familiar with the physical sciences, and especially with chemistry, which was my own study by predilection. But never had I met with a student in whom a knowledge so extensive was mixed up with notions so obsolete or so crotchety. In one sentence he showed that he had mastered some late discovery by Faraday or Liebig; in the next sentence he was talking the wild fallacies of Cardan or Van Helmont. I burst out laughing at some paradox about sympathetic powders, which he enounced as if it were a recognized truth.

"Pray tell me," said I, "who was your master in physics, for a cleverer pupil never had a more crack-brained teacher."

"No," he answered, with his merry laugh, "it is not the teacher's fault. I am a mere parrot; just cry out a few scraps of learning picked up here and there. But, however, I am fond of all researches into nature; all guesses at her riddles. To tell you the truth, one reason why I have taken to you so heartily is not only that your published work caught my fancy in the dip which I took into the contents (pardon me if I say dip, I never do more than dip into any book), but also because young * * * * tells me that which all whom I have met in this town confirm; viz., that you are one of those few practical chemists who are at once exceedingly cautious and exceedingly bold—willing to try every new experiment, but submitting experiment to rigid tests. Well, I have an experiment running wild in this giddy head of mine, and I want you, some day when at leisure, to catch it, fix it as you have fixed that cylinder: make something of it. I am sure you can."

"What is it?"

"Something akin to the theories in your work. You would replenish or preserve to each special constitution the special substance that may fail to the equilibrium of its health. But you own that in a large proportion of cases the best cure of disease is less to deal with the disease itself than to support and stimulate the whole system, so as to enable nature to cure the disease and restore the impaired equilibrium by her own agencies. Thus, if you find that in certain cases of nervous debility a substance like nitric acid is efficacious, it is because the nitric acid has a virtue in locking up, as it were, the nervous energy, that is, preventing all undue waste. Again, in some cases of what is commonly called feverish cold, stimulants like ammonia assist nature itself to get rid of the disorder that oppresses its normal action; and, on the same principle, I apprehend, it is contended that a large average of human lives is saved in those hospitals which have adopted the supporting system of ample nourishment and alcoholic stimulants."

"Your medical learning surprises me," said I, smiling, "and without pausing to notice where it deals somewhat superficially with disputable points in general, and my own theory in particular, I ask you for the deduction you draw from your premises."

"It is simply this: that to all animate bodies, however various, there must be one principle in common—the vital principle itself. What if there be one certain means of recruiting that principle? and what if that secret can be discovered?"

"Pshaw! The old illusion of the medieval empirics."

"Not so. But the medieval empirics were great discoverers. You sneer at Van Helmont, who sought in water the principle of all things; but Van Helmont discovered in his search those invisible bodies called gases. Now the principle of life must be certainly ascribed to a gas.* And whatever is a gas, chemistry should not despair of producing! But I can argue no longer now—never can argue long at a stretch—we are wasting the morning; and, joy! the sun is up! See! Out! come out! out! and greet the great Life-giver face to face."

I could not resist the young man's invitation. In a few minutes we were in the quiet lane under the glinting chestnut-trees. Margrave was chanting, low, a wild tune—words in a strange language.

"What words are those? no European language, I think; for I know a little of most of the languages which are spoken in our quarter of the globe, at least by its more civilized races."

"Civilized races! What is civilization? Those words were uttered by men who founded empires when Europe itself was not civilized! Hush, is it not a grand old air?" and lifting his eyes toward the sun, he gave vent to a voice clear and deep as a mighty bell! The air was grand—the words had a sonorous swell that suited it, and they seemed to me jubilant and yet solemn. He stopped abruptly, as a path from the lane had led us into the fields, already half-bathed in sunlight—dews glittering on the hedge-rows.

"Your song," said I, "would go well with the clash of cymbals or the peal of the organ. I am no judge of melody, but this strikes me as that of a religious hymn."

"I compliment you on the guess. It is a Persian fire-worshiper's hymn to the sun. The dialect is very different from modern Persian. Cyrus the Great might have chanted it on his march upon Babylon."

"And where did you learn it?"

"In Persia itself."

"You have traveled much—learned much—and are so young and so fresh. Is it an impertinent question if I ask whether your parents are yet living, or are you wholly lord of yourself?"

"Thank you for the question—pray make my answer known in the town. Parents I have not—never had."

"Never had parents!"

"Well, I ought rather to say that no parents ever owned me. I am a natural son—a vagabond—a nobody. When I came of age I received an anonymous letter, informing me that a sum—I need not say what—but more than enough for all I need, was lodged at an English banker's in my name; that my mother had died in my infancy; that my father, who had through secret channels provided for my education and rearing, was also dead—but recently; that as I was a child of love, and he was unwilling that the secret of my birth should ever be traced, he had provided for me, not by will, but in his life, by a sum consigned to the trust of the friend who now wrote to me; I need give myself no trouble to learn more; faith, I never did. I am young, healthy, rich—yes, rich! Now you know all, and you had better tell it, that I may win no man's courtesy and no maiden's love upon false pretenses. I have not even a right, you see, to the name I bear. Hist! let me catch that squirrel."

With what a panther-like bound he sprang! The squirrel eluded his grasp, and was up the oak-tree; in a moment he was up the oak-tree too. In amazement I saw him rising from bough to bough; saw his bright eyes and glittering teeth through the green leaves; presently I heard the sharp, piteous cry of the squirrel—echoed by the youth's merry laugh—and down, through that maze of green, Margrave came, dropping on the grass and bounding up as Mercury might have bounded with his wings at his heels.

"I have caught him—what pretty brown eyes!"

Suddenly the gay expression of his face changed to that of a savage; the squirrel had wrenched itself half-loose and bitten him. The poor brute! In an instant its neck was wrung—its body dashed on the ground; and that fair young creature, every feature quivering with rage, was stamping his foot on his victim again and again! It was horrible. I caught him by the arm indignantly. He turned round on me like a wild beast disturbed from its prey—his teeth set, his hand lifted, his eyes like balls of fire.

"Shame!" said I, calmly; "shame on you!"

He continued to gaze on me a moment or so—his eye glaring, his breath panting—and then, as if mastering himself with an involuntary effort, his arm dropped to his side, and he said, quite humbly, "I beg your pardon; indeed I do. I was beside myself for a moment; I can not bear pain:" and he looked in deep compassion for himself at his wounded hand. "Venomous brute!" And he stamped again on the body of the squirrel, already crushed out of shape.

I moved away in disgust, and walked on.

But presently I felt my arm softly drawn aside, and a voice, dulcet as the coo of a dove, stole its way into my ears. There was no resisting the charm with which this extraordinary mortal could fascinate even the hard and the cold; nor them, perhaps, the least. For as you see in extreme old age, when the heart seems to have shrunk into itself, and to leave but meagre and nipped affections for the nearest relations if grown up, the indurated egotism softens at once toward a playful child; or as you see in middle life some misanthrope, whose nature has been

* According to the views we have mentioned, we must ascribe life to a gas, that is, to an aeriform body.—Liebig, Organic Chemistry, Playfair's translation, p. 363.

soured by wrong and sorrow, shrink from his own species, yet make friends with inferior races, and respond to the caress of a dog, so about this person there was the attraction of a beautiful child, of a graceful animal, half fierce and half docile.

"But," said I, with a smile, as I felt all displeasure gone, "such indulgence of passion for such a trifle is surely unworthy a student of philosophy."

"Trifle," he said, dolorously. "But I tell you it is pain; pain is no trifle—pain is the worst ill! I suffer. Look! Cure it, do!"

I looked at the hand, which I took in mine. The bite no doubt had been sharp; but the hand that lay in my own was that which the Greek sculptor gives to a gladiator; not large (the extremities are never large in persons whose strength comes from the just proportion of all the members, rather than the factitious and partial force which continued muscular exertion will give to one part of the frame, to the comparative weakening of the rest), but with the firm-knit joints, the solid fingers, the finished nails, the massive palm, the supple polished skin in which we recognize what nature designs the human hand to be—the skilled, swift, mighty doer of all those marvels which win Nature herself from the wilderness.

"It is strange," said I, thoughtfully; "but your susceptibility to suffering confirms my opinion, which is different from the popular belief, viz.: that pain is most acutely felt by those in whom the animal organization being perfect, and the sense of vitality exquisitely keen, every injury or lesion finds the whole system rise, as it were, to repel the mischief and communicate the consciousness of it to all those nerves which are the sentinels to the garrison of life. Yet my theory is scarcely borne out by general fact. The Indian savages must have a health as perfect as yours; a nervous system as fine. Witness their marvelous accuracy of ear, of eye, of scent, probably also of touch, yet they are indifferent to physical pain; or must I mortify your pride by saying that they have some moral quality defective in you which enables them to rise superior to it?"

"The Indian savages," said Margrave, sullenly, "have not a health as perfect as mine, and in what you call vitality—the blissful consciousness of life—they are as sticks and stones compared to me."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have lived with them. It is all a mistake about their superior health, as I will explain to you some day; and as to their fine perceptions of sense, such do not come from exquisite equilibrium of system, but are hereditary attributes transmitted from race to race, and strengthened by training from infancy. But is a pointer stronger and healthier than a mastiff, because the pointer through long descent and early teaching creeps stealthily to his game and stands to it motionless? I will talk of this later; now I suffer! Oh, cure it—do—do!"

It so happened that I had about me some roots of the white lily, which I meant, before returning home, to leave with a patient suffering from one of those painful local inflammations, in which that simple remedy often affords great relief. I cut up one of these roots, and bound the cooling leaves to the wounded hand with my handkerchief.

"There," said I. "Fortunately, if you feel pain more sensibly than others, you will recover from it more quickly."

And in a few minutes my companion felt perfectly relieved, and poured out his gratitude with an extravagance of expression and a beaming delight of countenance which positively touched me.

"I almost feel," said I, "as I do when I have stilled an infant's wailing, and restored it smiling to its mother's breast."

"You have done so. I am an infant, and Nature is my mother. Oh, to be restored to the full joy of life, the scent of wild flowers, the song of birds, and this air—summer air—summer air!"

I know not why it was, but at that moment, looking at him and hearing him, I rejoiced that Lilian was not at L——.

"But I came out to bathe. Can we not bathe in that stream?"

"No. You would derange the bandage round your hand, and there is nothing like perfect rest for it."

"I obey, then, but I do so love the water."

"You swim, of course?"

"Ask the fish if it swim. Ask the fish if it can escape me! I delight to dive down—down; to plunge after the startled trout, as an otter does; and then to get among those cool, fragrant reeds and bulrushes, or that forest of emerald weed which one sometimes finds waving under clear rivers. Man! man! could you live but an hour of my life you would know how horrible a thing it is to die!"

"Yet the dying do not think so; they pass away calm and smiling, as you will one day."

"I—I! die one day—die!" and he sank on the grass, and buried his face among the herbage, sobbing aloud.

Before I could get through half a dozen words, meant to soothe, he had once more bounded up, dashed the tears from his eyes, and was again singing some wild, barbaric chant. I did not disturb him; in fact I soon grew absorbed in my own meditations on the singular nature, so wayward, so impulsive, which had forced intimacy on a man grave and practical as myself.

I was puzzled how to reconcile so passionate a childishness, so undisciplined a want of self-control, with an experience of mankind so extended by travel, with an education, desultory and irregular indeed, but which must have been at some time or other familiarized to severe reasonings and laborious studies. There seemed to be wanting in him that mysterious something which is needed to keep our faculties, however severally brilliant, harmoniously linked together—as the string by which a child mechanically binds the wild flowers it gathers, shaping them at choice into the garland or the chain.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

My father was an extremely clever and capable artisan, who possessed besides ability considerable prudence and no small share of ambition.

With such qualities it was only natural that he should rise in life; and he did so. Before I was sixteen years of age he held a lucrative and responsible position in the locomotive department on one of the great north country lines, and had he lived I think he might have made himself a name in the world. I was his only son, and he gave me a good education, deeply tinged with a mechanical coloring, in the hope that I should improve on his success. In this hope, if he were alive, he would not, perhaps, be altogether disappointed; but although I have no reason to complain of want of present prosperity and social position, it is none the less true that the spare hours and holidays of my school life were spent chiefly among work-shops, mechanics, and engine-drivers. In those young days I had a passion for the locomotive, and my boyish ambition was to become a master of all the mysteries and duties connected therewith. Thus I was forever loafing about the engine-house and getting an occasional trip with good-natured drivers more ready to please an inquiring youngster than careful to obey the Company's regulations. In this way I early gained a tolerably complete insight into the management of the locomotive, and being a shrewd, self-confident lad, soon acquired a profound belief in my capacity for discharging all the duties of a driver. I had, besides, an inseparable companion named Mark Hibberd, whose father followed the calling I thought I should so much adorn, and who delighted equally with me in pottering about among the engines and men, or riding short distances whenever the opportunity occurred. The elder Hibberd was an extremely daring and clever driver, a first-rate workman; but unfortunately, like too many of our very best artisans, given to occasional fits of drunkenness. This peculiarity had got him into trouble once or twice before the time of which I am speaking, but as on each occasion his escapades had been productive of no actual harm, and he was in other respects a very valuable man, he was retained, but cautioned. Mark was quite as great a proficient as myself in knowledge of the craft, and the dearest wish of both was to have our abilities properly recognized among the workmen who were our companions. In all our little enterprises and adventures Mark, however, was the leader; he inherited his father's skill and courage, and soon acquired, even among the men, a good reputation for steady pluck and shrewdness. Such were young Hibberd and myself at about the age of fifteen; but in order that you may clearly understand the whole of my story, it will be necessary for me now to explain the situation and peculiarities of our station and the neighboring line. Coulston is a large town on the —— Railway, standing midway between Allonby, which is ten miles below, and Castleton, which is ten miles above it.

Attached to the station are the locomotive works already mentioned, and a very large engine-house. In the latter, the number of engines was generally considerable, and this was our favorite haunt, where we lurked at all hours, hoping for the chance of a run with some complaisant comrade down to Allonby, whence we trusted to the chapter of accidents and 'Shanks his mare,' for a return journey. The engine-house stood at a distance of about 200 yards below Coulston station, with which it was connected by a siding joining the main line, in a manner with which every one is familiar.

Allonby was a small place where few trains stopped, while our town was large and of rising importance. The nearest down station of any size was Lichester, about forty miles distant. It happened one dark but clear November evening that Mark Hibberd and I were lounging about our favorite engine-house, chatting to one and another of the drivers who were busy oiling and cleaning their respective locomotives. Old Hibberd's 'Firefly' was there with steam up, an order having come during the afternoon that Mark's father was to be in readiness to take a "special" down to Lichester at eight o'clock precisely. Hibberd himself was not there, though it was then half past seven, and Mark said casually, in answer to a question from old Bob Jacobs, his fireman, that he hoped his father was not "on the lush;" but he had been down to the Railway Arms again that afternoon for the first time during the last three months.

We were standing on the foot-plate as we talked, and steam having been up some time and the water in the boiler somewhat low, I said to Jacobs, "Bob, you'll have to run her down to the crossing and back a time or two to fill up the boiler," it being necessary, I must tell you, to put an engine in motion before the pumps which feed her with water can work.

"Right you are, Mas'r Charley," said Bob; "but do you and Mas'r Mark take her down to the points and back agin while I light my lamps and fill my oil can."

Here was one of the little chances we delighted in. It wanted exactly twenty minutes to eight when Mark turned on steam, and we glided slowly out of the engine-house, leaving old Jacobs trimming the "Firefly's" lamps. We had run backward and forward over the hundred yards of rails between the crossing and the house when Mark's evil genius prompted him to exclaim:

"I say, Charley, let's run over the points and down the line for half-a-mile or so; we can be back easy by eight o'clock."

No sooner said than done. When we reached the points I dropped off and opened the switches, thus shunting the engine on to the up-line, upon which we proposed to indulge ourselves in some two or three minutes' gallop, and then return.

Now in acting thus, you must understand that we did nothing whatever involving any danger from ordinary sources, and were in all human probability perfectly safe from mishap.

The next train was an up express, not due at Coulston till 8·20, but which did not stop at Allonby. Nothing could possibly follow us from behind for we were on the *up* line of rails, and as we should be back again before eight o'clock, there was of course no danger to be apprehended from the coming train. Hibberd, on our return, had only to ship his lamps and start on the down line for Lichester.

Our programme, however, was deranged in a way we little expected. Prudent if bold, we did not allow the delights of our gallop to detain us too long, and it wanted some minutes to eight when we passed the crossing on our way back to the engine-house; we had slackened speed on approaching the points, and were traveling slowly and quietly, when Mark shouted to me, "Put down the break, Charley, here's the big 'Swallow' coming out at a lick, and no mistake!" In a moment we had stopped and reversed the "Firefly," and began to move slowly ahead down the up-line again, greatly wondering what it all might mean, but not in the least alarmed for our safety, since we had only to allow the "Swallow" gradually to overtake us, and when she saw us (which, as we had no lamps, was not so easy) both engines might return together. Meanwhile the giant behind us came on at such a rapidly increasing speed that we were unwillingly obliged to travel faster as well. We shouted and tried to attract attention from her driver, but in vain, and we presently began to think that something must be wrong. At length Mark whispered, "Charley, you may take my word for it that's the Governor, and he's mad drunk. Like enough he's got on the first engine that came to hand, and don't know at this moment if he's on the up or down line or what he's doing—he's the very devil after he's been drinking." Here was a pleasant situation.

It was just on the stroke of eight o'clock: in another ten minutes at farthest the up express would pass Allonby on its way to Coulston: before us therefore was the certainty of collision, and behind us an engine already running at a great rate, which increased with every minute, and driven by a man mad drunk—what was to be done? It was a case in which moments are precious, and decision must be the work of a second of time.

"Let us run for Allonby," said Mark at once, with his hand upon the regulator. "Keep the whistle open all the way, and trust in Providence they'll hear it and have time and sense to shunt us on to the "down" before the express runs through."

I was for less vigorous measures. Something assured me that Mark was right, and that the engine behind us was driven by Hibberd in a state of intoxication; but I fancied that however drunk he might be, he would yet not be so utterly insane as to persist in rushing against certain destruction, provided we could make him understand his danger; so I proposed that we should slacken and let him overtake us, then climb upon the "Swallow," and by persuasion or force induce him to return. All this and much more passed between us in far fewer seconds than I take minutes to tell it you; in fact, the whole affair was a succession of such rapid action following upon decisions so swift that I find it impossible to give you the faintest idea of the startling suddenness with which the circumstances crowded on each other. For a moment Mark—thinking, doubtless, more of his father than himself—approved of my suggestion, and we slackened speed. By this time both engines were running at a perfectly frightful velocity, and the "Swallow" almost instantly overhauled us. No sooner did her buffers touch ours than Mark flung himself upon his father's engine. I watched him clamber along the boiler till I lost the outline of his figure in the darkness. A minute of unspeakable suspense followed, during which the "Swallow" held on her rapid speed. I now did all I could to impede her progress. I shut off steam and screwed my breaks down till they were one sheet of flame, but still the hinder engine drove me forward. At length, after what seemed a whole hour to me, I heard above the din of the open whistle a succession of yells, mingled with hoarse curses. I closed the handle a moment to listen, and soon felt certain that a fearful struggle was going on between Hibberd and his son. I caught at the "Swallow," pulled myself on to her, and climbed as fast as I could toward the foot-plate. Half-way along the boiler I met Mark returning, reckless.

"On to your engine," he screamed, "and run for Allonby!"

This was enough for me; it was no time to ask or answer questions, and another second or two saw us both upon the "Firefly"—breaks up, whistle open, and all steam on. We drew quickly away from our companion; but the few minutes of delay had frightfully diminished our chances of safety.

It was so dark that I could not clearly see Mark's face, but I knew from the disturbed appearance of his clothes there had been a tussle, and I said simply, "Well, Mark?" While speaking, I opened the fire-door, and as the red gleam burst out, I started in renewed horror, for his whole face, neck, and hands were covered with blood.

"It's my own, Charley," he whispered; and even while he spoke, with the certainty of an awful death before him, the noble fellow's eyes filled as he added, "God help my poor father! he's seen his last drunken spree this night."

In hurried words he told me that on reaching the foot-plate of the engine he found Hibberd alone, and raging drunk; that he had made an effort to reverse the "Swallow's" gear, and in order to do so put his hand upon the starting lever. This fairly maddened Hibberd, who flew upon him before he could accomplish his object, and commenced the brief but deadly struggle I had heard. Mark was powerless in his father's strong hands, and escaped almost by a miracle from being dashed off on to the line by a blow which felled him. In the fall his head was cut open against some of the iron work, and he was forced to return as I have described without gaining his end. But no kind of danger made the brave lad blench, and his eyes darkened and his teeth set as, with hand upon the whistle, he strained forward for a glimpse of Allonby signals. As for me, I grew sick; I took out my watch for what I feared was the last time, glanced at the hands, and then sat down upon the tool-box, covered my face, and wept bitter tears as I thought of the father at home who was so proud of me, and the mother whom I loved so dearly. A touch of Mark's roused me. I looked at the dial again, but could not read the figures: he took the watch from my hand, and his voice was quite steady as he said:

"Another two minutes for us, Charley, and there are Allonby signals."

We had been traveling only eight minutes since we first knew our danger, but what an age it seemed! I remember he was handing me back the watch when his hand touched mine, and I felt him start as if shot. The next instant he clasped me tight by the wrist, and whispered in my ear, "The red lamps! It's all over. God save my poor father." Again, though, he spoke out strong and clear, "Hold tight to me, Charley, and when I say the word, jump for your life." We stood a moment poising ourselves upon the oscillating engine, then he shouted "Now!" and sprang. I was nervous, my foot slipped, and I fell along the foot-plate of the engine. In an instant there was a horrible grinding crash, a dazzling flash of light before my eyes, a huge heave upward and onward, then blackness of darkness and insensibility.

Six weeks afterward I was sufficiently recovered from fever—brought on by my injuries and the excitement of that night—to hear the sequel of the story. Beyond a broken leg and rib I had escaped unhurt. Violent inflammation, accompanied by delirium, had, however, greatly retarded my convalescence.

Hibberd and Mark were both dead. The former was greatly cut about, but the latter exhibited no visible injury beyond a comparatively trifling wound in the head, serious, it is true, but not sufficient to have caused his death. He died from internal hemorrhage, and none but myself knew that the scalp wound had been the work of the lad's own father. Concerning the great accident to the night express on the —— line at Allonby station in 184—, I dare say you remember the newspaper accounts; to-night I have tried to give you a true and faithful history of the causes which produced that disaster, and of which a necessarily vague and incorrect version passed current with the public.

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